

THE WAR CRY

International Headquarters:
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

William Booth, Founder
Bramwell Booth, General

Territorial Headquarters:
317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

VOL. IX. No. 42. Price 5c.

Winnipeg, October 20, 1928

CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner



COLONEL MARY BOOTH

Leader of the Forces of The Salvation Army in Germany, and
International Representative at the 46th Annual Congress
for Canada West.

(See page 6.)



Climbing

UPON a monument to an Alpine guide who perished in a crevasse are the simple words: "He died climbing." No worthier tribute could be paid to any soul at last. Without the sheer love of excellence for its own sake, and something of that "divine dissatisfaction" which is the mainspring in every sphere, character is sadly incomplete.

Water For Nothing

"The Winnipeg Hydro News" relates a story which might very easily apply to those happily few persons who take exception to the collections which The Army takes up, on the ground that the Gospel is free:

"One day an irate customer came into the office protesting about his bill. No one could satisfy him and so he was finally passed on to the President. His complaint was that it was an outrage to charge him twenty-five dollars for water when water was the free gift of the Lord to all. The President agreed that there was merit in his claim and offered to correct the injustice at once. So he reached for his pad and wrote this order to the superintendent: 'Please note that hereafter Mr. Jones is to be supplied with water without any charge whatsoever whenever he comes to the reservoir to fill his pail.'"

The laborer is surely worthy of his hire.

THE FIGHTING SPIRIT!

Are you striving to develop this important essential of Army Warfare?

Prepare to give the Devil some knock-out blows during

THE CENTENARY CALL
CAMPAIGN

The Open Door

It is said that in ancient Rome there was an official whose duty it was to keep his door always wide open, so that in case any Roman citizen should have occasion to apply for help he might meet a ready response. It meant much to be a Roman citizen, but it means much more to be a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God. For such, in their season of distress, there is ever an open door of Divine mercy, at which no needy soul can stand an unadmitted applicant. The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open to their cry.

Like a mighty prairie fire which consumes all in its onward rush, so the love of God in Christ is a love unquenched by sin, undeterred by iniquity, and undaunted by hate.

:: RIGHT THINKING ::

By Mrs. Ensing D. Rea, Drumheller

"And when He thought thereon, He wept."—Mark 14:72.

WHEN Michael Angelo was contemplating painting his picture of the Crucifixion, he asked a friend to blindfold him while he listened to the story of the Cross read to him from the four Gospels. John Bunyan shows Christian in earnest search of eternal life, with his hands over both ears, and running, crying, "Life, life, eternal life."



Angelo's great mind saw more than his friend who read. Christian heard amidst the happy scenes of life, and the alluring prospects there may be one who reads this, but sees and hears more than those around him. You are alone now, alone with your own soul. Will you blindfold your eyes, stop your ears, and think on the words of the text.

"And when He thought thereon, He wept." How important that we think aright. Many a disaster could have been avoided if someone had only thought at the right time, and in the right way, the mistake was made, and they thought too late.

First of all concentrate your mind. One gets nowhere in life unless the mind can be centred. As a child you centred your mind on play; at school your mind was engrossed with study; and during, as a youth you chose your life work, thinking, surely, long and seriously of that, and either the wisdom or folly of that thinking tells in your life today.

Now have you ever thought of your soul's Salvation? Too busy? An old excuse and a poor one. Not too busy for every worldly claim to get your mind, for every new thought to be carefully considered. This is claim number one. Have you omitted it? Success or failure depend upon how you think today. Destiny—Heaven or Hell—is settled today in your own heart.

"All thine immortal powers bring into play. Think, act, strive, reason, then look up and pray."

Life is confusion and disappointment to the soul who cannot think aright; cannot keep their mind on a given subject. At the commencement of the World War we all remember such terrible defeats, and lost so many men. Great minds settled to think and reason out the cause of this great loss among the troops, and the only conclusion they came to was that there were too many leaders giving orders; they needed one mind to rule the entire battlefield.

It was a right thought. General Foch was chosen, and it was the beginning of

victory. So your life will never be one of victory until you start to think aright.

Think—what is life? A battle field. Yes. Read in this same chapter, the account of Peter's battle, the terrible reverse he suffered, but "when he thought thereon he wept." His sincerity was proved in the following days. It was still a battle, right to the end, but there was a victorious climax through his right thinking.

Can we think as Peter did? Recall the former days, backslider. Remember the first act of disobedience, then the gradual loss of joy, then down again into the slimy pit of despair. Think on all these things—and weep.

Christian crying cold. Today you have eyes for other things. When the "zeal of the Lord was in your very bones as a fire." Let us replace the blindness of sincerity and contrition, and see what Peter saw, a vision of the Lord Jesus with heart bleeding because of his failure, but with eyes of tenderness and love. Peter saw all and wept. If the tears of sorrow fall do not check them or be ashamed. God loves the tears of the penitent.

There is a beautiful legend in Milton's "Paradise Lost." It tells of Peri, a banished being from heaven, seeking to gain admittance at the closed gate. "The angel told that there was only one hope. She might yet be forgiven if she brought to the eternal gate the gift of what was most dear to heaven."

The bewildered Peri wandered everywhere, searching for some rare and precious gift. She came to a battlefield and saw a hero dying. Catching some of the drops of blood as they fell she quickly flew back to heaven—the gate did not open.

Next in her search she found two lovers being parted by death; she looked with deep reverence, and thought "surely this must be a sacred thing," so she carried the farewell sigh of the ones who parted, but precious and sacred as that was, there was no response. At last she wandered far, and deep in the path of sin she found a wretched criminal, stained by deeds of shame, but now weeping tears of penitence. With joy she caught the holy tear of contrition, and softly bore it away. Quickly the doors flew open, admitting her to the joys within.

Surely the tears of the penitent are dear to the heart of our Father God. Let the tears flow, as did Peter. Face this eternal question today. Ask your own heart.

Shall I drift and neglect this great salvation, so drifting on to destruction, or shall I think right in the light of God. Failure to do this brings its own punishment. Many have brought low like Jacob—a story for his pillow, like Peter—cold and tired; and the Tempter leads them to the fires of the world. But there is no warmth there. Peter did see the

The Level Way

THE peril of the level way is greater than the peril of the hills. There is nothing more exhausting than a level stretch, unbroken by change. More people break down beneath the monotony of life than beneath its changes. There is scarcely a greater achievement than the victory of the man who keeps fresh and vigorous on the level road.

The Greatest Broadcasting Station

I met a crowd of boys in the ghetto of New York City's great East Side. These boys were nearly all Jews. As I approached them I asked God to prepare my mind for the attack. The following conversation ensued:

"Good evening, boys." They looked at me curiously and went word in an undertone and the circle. It's The Salvation Army." Then one said to me, "What's the game?"

"Have any of you fellows got a radio?" I asked. Two of them assented.

I then put this question to the crowd, now very much interested, "What is the name of the greatest Broadcasting Station in the world?"

One said, "WOR." Another, "WGD." Another, "WEAF."

"You have guessed wrong," I said. They asked me then to mention the one I thought was the greatest. I replied, "C-H-R-I-S-T."

"GO YE THEREFORE . . ."

The Gospel is a go-spell. The moment we stop going we have lost the spell. Bear in mind continually The Army Founder's words

"GO FOR SOUL AND GO FOR THE WORST"

A Holy Life

A holy life is made up of a number of small things. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles, nor hattles, nor one great heroic act, nor mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life.

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions, little imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh—the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up the negative beauty of a holy life.

Lord, and he saw the fire of love still burning in the face of Jesus, so he thought over it all, and wept.

God grant that our foot-steps slip, we may have the heart to weep and the true courage to return. "Think, therefore—and weep."

Thursday, John 3: 25-36. "He must increase, but I must decrease." John's disciples expected him to share in the feelings of indignation which were surging up in their own hearts at the thought of any one daring to usurp his place. But John's spirit was so truly sanctified that he could rejoice in the advance of his fellow even at his own expense. Let God give you this same beautiful and Christlike spirit. It will bring you peace and joy.

Friday, John 4: 1-14. "God so loved." This the foundation cause of the wonderful redemption plan so clearly outlined in this verse, said to be, "the best thing ever put into human speech." Here we learn how much God's love cost Him, and how alone we may enjoy the salvation thus provided.

Saturday, John 4: 15-30. "Sir, give me this water." Notice how the attitude of the Samaritan woman changes towards Jesus as the conviction grows in her that He really is able to do all He has said. Wonderful power this of being able to convince people, in spite of their unbelief and hardness and prejudice. The Saviour is able to give it to us also, for it is the outcome of living in His presence and seeking always "first the Kingdom."

Daily Bible Meditations



Sunday, John 2: 1-12. "Jesus was called . . . to the marriage." Someone has said, "Christ's ministry opened amid scenes of human happiness. We need to learn that He is not merely a friend for our sorrow-hours, but also for our times of joy. We do not think enough of this. We regard religion too much as a lamp burning dimly in a sepulchre; and not as a sun shining amid the brightness and the radiance of the fairest day."

Monday, John 2: 13-25. "He knew what was in man." And yet in spite of this knowledge—perhaps because of it—He loved us so that He lived, and suffered, and died for us! The only return we can make for such wonderful love is to yield ourselves to Him, body, soul, and spirit, now and for ever.

"Love so amazing, so divine Shall have my soul, my life, my all."

Tuesday, John: 1-13. "Ye must be born again." There are many young people today like Nicodemus. Brought up in godly homes, they are outwardly good and upright, but they have not experienced a change of heart. Take a moment to think if this is true of you. Have you just grown up into religion because you have seen it about you all your life, or have you really been "born again?" Only by this new spiritual birth can we become children of God.

"Our Peace"

Peace I leave with you, My peace give to you.—John 14: 27.

He is our peace in the stress of life's battle, Keeping us calm 'midst the turmoil around; Giving us confidence in what He doeth, Since we are sure that His love doth abound.

He is our peace in the hour of sickness: (The Great Physician.) His love is the strength and the balm; As when on earth He, in tender compassion Brought ease from burdens and freedom from pain.

He is our peace in the hour of anguish, Healing the heart well nigh broken by For He himself plumbed the depths of all sorrow, Therefore is able to bring us relief.

He is our peace when we enter the valley—Who conquered death with the fear it entails, Bringing us salvation—a sure hope of heaven: He is our peace—and His love never fails. Ethel Alder.

Lt.-Colonel Sims at Stoney Mountain

LAST Sunday was a time of rejoicing and soul-saving for Lt.-Colonel Sims, Brigadier Cummins, and their comrade Men's Social Officers.

The morning was spent at Stoney Mountain Penitentiary. Brigadier Cummins—a frequent visitor—had control of the earlier part of the Meeting, and introduced the various other members of the party, prominent among whom was Commandant Bearchell, a very welcome visitor with us from New York.

Colonel Sims' address was pithy and witty, but full of practical truths, and resulted in more than one expression of a desire to lead a better life.

The Institution Choir helped greatly in the Meeting with song and duet; a much appreciated part of the morning by residents and visitors alike.

Before returning to Winnipeg a little time was spent in singing around the corridors, thus giving some extra cheer to those who had been unable to be present in the Chapel during the earlier part of the service.

In the evening the Colonel, who is now in the full swing of his Social responsibilities, was with the comrades of the Hostel Meeting. Main Street and Logan Avenue corner was blocked by those listening to the Open-Air Meeting. Captain Cormack had charge of this attack, and was readily assisted by comrades of the Hostel, among them being the visitor from New York, Commandant Bearchell, and another energetic soul—Commandant Lawson.

The inside Meeting was "a packed house," and it was a special delight to have with us several "Old Country Harvesters" who doubtless found us to be "The same old Army." Brigadier Cummins' invitation for a hearty sing did not go unheeded. Testimonies were red hot, and after Colonel Sims' address we rejoiced over three souls at the Cross.

Mrs. Colonel Coombs

Re-visits Old Battle Ground at Nanaimo

IT was a great delight to the comrades at Nanaimo to have with them Mrs. Colonel Coombs for the recent Harvest Festival Week-end.

All departments of the Corps were well to the front, and interest was at high pitch throughout the entire series of Meetings; Mrs. Coombs was in fine trim—quite her old self—and her words were a great encouragement to all.

Her Sunday morning address on the "Abiding Vine" will be long remembered; it was helpful to the spiritual life of all hearers. The afternoon Meeting was full of harvest joy.

The evening Open-Air Meeting was largely attended, and it was an inspiration to young and old alike to see and hear Mrs. Coombs delivering her soul on those who were standing around. Passers-by were compelled to stop and listen.

Indoors we had a real "Harvest Home" in a musical setting; the address by our visitor was on the "Closing of Life's Summer." It was touching in the extreme and caused many tears and heartsearchings.

Mrs. Coombs was also with us on the Monday evening for our Sale Demonstration when we had cause to rejoice over a "Smashed Target." It will be a joy to many throughout the Territory to hear of the fighting spirit still exhibited by our beloved veteran officer.

Tag Day at Edmonton

BRIGHT PARK informs us that the recent Grace Hospital Tag Day in Edmonton was a great advance on last year, both in effort and result. A total of \$604.00 was collected, which, comparatively, is an excellent sum.

Commandant Pettigrew and the Officers of the Hospital are very grateful to all who helped in this undertaking. By the way, the Commandant and his staff and members of her contingent have been down with 'flu, so that the success of the Tag Day was all the more welcome.

At Crediton, Ont., a recent convert had ordered an expensive wireless set, but had cancelled the order, and is saving the cash to get into uniform. Now then, you folks, who say "you can't afford it".

Promotion To Glory

THE passing of Lt.-Colonel Bramwell Taylor, our well-beloved Field Secretary, is one of those tragic — some would say — happenings which leave us benumbed. It is difficult to imagine that he who was with us in apparent vigour and comparative good health on Friday evening last, was on Saturday morning, October 6th, promoted to Glory without a moment's warning; yet so it is. "Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory" is ever the song on a Salvationist's lips when a Comrade crosses the River, but the good Lord, Who knoweth our frame, graciously allows our grief to express itself in word and tear. We do not mourn for the Warrior gone to his reward, but we do

The highest professional advice possible had been secured; this was especially necessary in view of the severity of the operation and the demands of the Colonel's condition. He was in his usual manly and bright spirits. All promised well for a happy termination of the surgeons' efforts, indeed, all was well in that respect. But suddenly, without a moment's warning, the patient collapsed and passed to his reward.

As we have said, the tragedy of the morning was utterly numbing in its effect; the Officers and Salvationists of the City—and later the Territory—were stunned by the news. It need not be said that right specifically the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich were at hand in an en-

time in all my Officership when I did not have something on my mind. They used to talk about him at my first Corps; his father and mother were the Officers' next but one before us, and I have heard more than one tale about "The last Bram."

His father, now Major Job Taylor, is such a Salvationist stalwart, and one could not see the son without being reminded of the father; for years we, Major Taylor and I, worked side by side, and it was during that term Bramwell became a Candidate—I had a little to do with his papers—and with his two sisters entered the Garrison at Clapton.

By this time he was already making himself known as one of the Army's future journalists, and after a short period of brilliant Field Service, Captain Taylor returned to International Headquarters, and speedily became a force in our Editorial Department. His writings had all that youthful energy which one could imagine being at the service of the cause of those who were anxious to be in touch with the vigour of our movement.

A tender memory is the next one. It is of a scene by a country roadside in Old England, with all the glory of the autumn tints around us, and a funeral gathering beside the casket of Bramwell's mother; what a choice spirit she was, how proud she had become of her boy. The tribute he paid to his mother that day — the filial love that spoke through every word of it! But this is a little ahead in his life story.

His marriage with Captain Phyllis Higgins, the daughter of our beloved Chief-of-the-Staff and Mrs. Commissioner Higgins, consummated a youthful romance which had been the gladness of any who knew either of the happy young couple. What a delight and joy that union became is known to all who have become acquainted with our comrades since that date.

Then there followed the days of the Great War, and Adjutant Taylor's services in that connection will not soon be forgotten. His intrepidity in those years, his keenness to grasp a situation, and to see in it chances for the betterment and Salvation of his fellow men, gained for him the affection of all who were thus associated and blessed.

Followed this the return again to his beloved Editorial duties, and his editorship of "The Bandsman and Songster" created for that journal a place of influence amongst Army Bandsmen, especially as his own standing as a Bandmaster and musician were so well established. At this time, in addition to his connection with the International Staff Band, his leadership of the Wood Green Corps Band carried it to a high degree of efficiency. His farewell from that position, when he came across to Canada, was quite a municipal event.

His coming to the Editorship of the Canada West "War Cry" in 1921 brought him into touch with the alertness of the West, and his own virility was quite in harmony with much of what he found here. His control of this paper brought it to a high place among the papers of The Army world, and his editing of the Canada East "Cry", which he began in the Fall of 1923, meant much for that periodical.

The fact that just over a year ago he was transferred to the Field Secretaryship of Canada West gave no surprise to those who knew him best. His intimate knowledge of The Army from his youth up, the fact that he was, as we say, "A Child of the Regiment", meant that he was well acquainted with the vicissitudes and joys of an Officer's life. We welcomed him in the name of the Lord.

And to-day there are none throughout these wide spaces of the West who do not do him honour; who do not gladly turn to his writings for the fatherly words with which he bore the responsibilities of his position as Field Secretary; tender and true, faithful and courageous, is what we all say.

The last call of his earthly service had been answered, for in the promise of God's love to him, his life had been fulfilled. Many of us thought with high hopes of the manner in which he would undertake the duties of Principal of the Western States Garrison—San Francisco. He was so full of vim and purpose thereto; not for a moment had he been the place of our trust in his training and leadership. Why it should be otherwise is one

(Continued on page 5 column 4)



express our true sympathy for those suddenly bereft of their chief earthly love, although we bow with them in full submission to the Divine will.

For several months the Colonel had himself been aware of increasing physical discomfort, and that it would eventually be necessary for him to submit to surgical attention. However, his characteristic anxiety that he should leave this Territory in a well ordered manner; that there should be nothing out of place or difficult to understand for his successor, had been his constant prompting. In addition to this he had laboured early and late in assisting the Commissioner at a time of special stress and arrangement, being as anxious as our Leader himself that all should be in good running for the Congress Gatherings now so immediate.

Then with a laudable desire to fit himself for the important duties of his new appointment—Principal of the Training Garrison in San Francisco—he had at last arranged to undergo the necessary surgical treatment in Winnipeg, feeling sure that he would be fully recovered by the date appointed for him to assume his new charge. It was in the nature of a shock when he made known this plan and necessity to his Staff Colleagues on Thursday evening.

His last public act, performed — as we now know, at the cost of much physical suffering to himself, was the wedding of Captain and Mrs. Fitch on Thursday evening. He entered into this event with a good will which was no hint of his own feelings, but gave to the Meeting a decidedly happy turn. Friday was spent at the Office in "squaring up everything," as he said, in readiness for his entry into Hospital that evening.

deavour to comfort dear Mrs. Taylor and her young son. Immediately the prayers of all were rising to the Throne on their behalf, and almost at once the telegrams and messages of sympathetic and comradely condolence began to pour in from all parts of The Army world. Readers of the "War Cry" will assuredly join in these thoughts, and continue to do so for many days ahead.

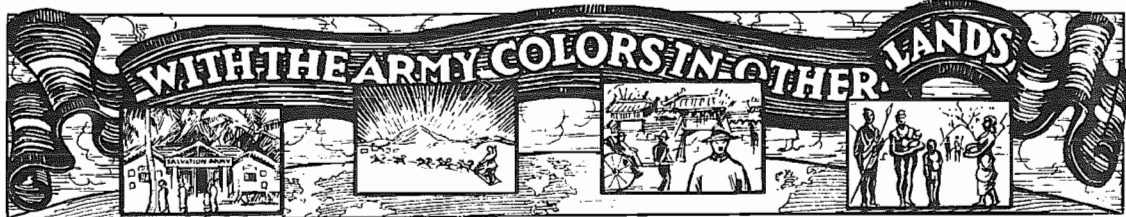
He Was My Friend

By the Editor

HE was my friend, and I shall miss him. I know there were others who also shared his friendship, and they will miss him, too, but — I know should when he had his orders for the States; I felt then there would be one less in my immediate companionship to whom I could turn for counsel and chat.

He was that sort of a friend, and the others will say the same, who could look you straight in the eye and tell you his thoughts. If there was something where-in he disagreed with you, well, it could be said without the least loss of friendship, and yet with a directness that maintained his own point.

There seems scarcely to have been a



Varnamo Honors The Army by Plate on Ouchterlony Home

COMMEMORATING the fiftieth anniversary of the initial Salvation Army effort in Sweden, the city of Varnamo has placed a plate on the former home of the late Commissioner Hannah Ouchterlony, the pioneer of that country.

Commissioner Ouchterlony, then a Swedish lass of retiring nature, at-



The home of the late Commissioner Ouchterlony in which the General conducted the first Meetings of The Army in Sweden.

tended a Meeting held at the home of an English engineer named Billups. The Meeting was led by The Army's present General, Bramwell Booth, who was then resting in Sweden, and such an impression was made on the girl that she later went to London to learn more of The Army and its methods.

She returned to Sweden with The Salvation Army flag and the rank of Major, and during a long lifetime she saw The Army grow under her leadership to a strong and vigorous force for good in the land of her birth.

Varnamo made a great festival of the anniversary, the local newspaper, Nya Varnamo Tidningen, devoting almost its entire space for the day to an account of the start and development of The Army in Sweden.

Man in Prison Secures a Testament and Finally Gets Saved

It is the custom of the Reno Comrades to conduct a weekly service each Sunday in the Washoe County Jail, where from thirty-five to fifty men listen to the story of the love of Christ and His power to save from sin.

During a recent Sunday evening Prayer Meeting a well-dressed man came to the Penitent-Form and while Captain McHarg was dealing with him this was the story he told:

While a prisoner in the county jail he listened attentively to the service which was conducted by the Salvationists and which had started him thinking. He got hold of a Testament, which had been left by one of the Comrades, and commenced to diligently read it, and light came into his dark heart. Kneeling down all alone behind the bars of the jail, he prayed that God would make him good and give him the joy and peace in his soul that the Salvationists had told him about.

This man was a foreigner, coming from one of the Balkan states, and he said, "I knew nothing about your God except what you had told me and what I read after you left, yet Jesus heard and answered my simple prayer and now I am happy because He has saved me from my sins, and I mean to always take Him with me." Needless to say, the Soldiers and Officers of the Reno Corps were delighted and uttered a note of praise to God that this brother who had been in darkness so long had been brought to Christ through the medium of the jail Meetings.—San Francisco 'Cry'.

UYEDA SAN, THE HAWKER

A STORY OF FATHER AND SON AND A FAMILY SALVATION

By Lt.-Commissioner Yamamuro

NIGHT life in the cities of the East is as entrancing and thrilling as in any other place in this entrancing world, and city night-life in Japan increases its attractiveness by the mass of street hawkers picturequely squatted by the road-sides of the poorer districts, offering for sale articles ranging from performing mice to gramophone records. Among these Eastern vendors are many interesting characters and at least one distinguished Salvationist, whose record is a world's one. Offering for sale to passers-by the cords used for kimono fastenings, a rather elderly hawker drew to himself the attention of others of his fraternity by his resolute refusal to quote one price to the rich and another to the poor, a widely-practised custom in the trade. The additional fact that the kimono-cord man spent every spare moment in reading a small book, puzzled and impressed the occupier of the adjoining piece of ground selling blocks of crystal for making seals.

Crystal Seller's Conversion

One night when the stalls were dismantled and the hawkers were in a small hotel for the night, the crystal seller politely questioned his neighbour of the roadside, who gladly explained that the Book he read was called the New Testament, and that he, the kimono-cord man, was a Salvationist. The result of this incident was seen when the crystal seller attended a Meeting I conducted in the district, and at its close made his way to the Mercy-Seat.

Although getting on in years the Salvationist salesman determined to be an active Salvationist. His home was far from a Corps, so he began to teach his neighbors, and from among them formed an all-ative Corps.

When he travelled his enthusiasm went with him on the road, and he took every opportunity of publishing Salvation. Nikko, a place famed the world over for its beauties, lay in the path of the kimono-cord seller, and there he founded another Corps. An Army Outpost at another village has since been added as the result of this one man's work. All over the Territory he is affectionately known as Uyeda San.

The home influence of Uyeda San was not less marked than his public successes. His second son, possessing an enthusiasm promising to carry him far on the road to achievement, quickly fell into step with his father. Between four and five

miles lay between their home and the Kofu Corps, at which the Uyeda family Soldiers had every Sunday night young Yasumasa Uyeda tramped to the Meetings. The rest of the Sunday, and time that he could spare from his work, was spent in teaching a Young Men's Bible Class which he formed in the village. He also became a Corps Cadet, and during the first three years of his conversion read the Bible through six times.

Eight years ago Yasumasa entered the Tokio Training Garrison, and later his Field work early singled him out as a future leader. Not content with the handful of Soldiers who attended his Meetings, he commenced an almost unbroken mode of attack in Japan, going on the streets in the early morning, before the works and factories had opened, having Open-Air Meetings and individual dealing with people on their way to work. There are Salvationists today who were won during these early morning Meetings. He was early appointed to the Training Garrison Staff, and with a view to fitting him for what all hoped was to be a most useful and lengthy career in The Army, was sent, with two other Officers, to the International Training Garrison.

Called to Higher Service

On his return to Japan, in July of last year, Ensign Uyeda was appointed to Kyoto, and within the first three months had increased the total of his fighting forces by seven Soldiers and eighteen Recruits, besides making advances in other directions. Early in October, a heavy rain laid him aside, and within a short time lung trouble developed. His condition rapidly became worse, and he was called to Higher Service in November.

During the time he was in this hospital there was no ceasing of his anxious thoughts for the Kingdom of God.

In spite of years of Salvationism, one cannot but draw a deep breath of holy gladness that the same spirit which animates our people in so many lands is emphasised in Commissioner Yamamuro's charming story. It is good to know that our aggressive and intensive methods appeal to his countrymen; it is better to know that the spirit of The Army has so thoroughly entered into the souls of our Japanese Comrades. Let us pray God that in our own land we may be not a whit behind them in spirit and service. —Ed. 'War Cry'

The Centenary Call Campaign

WE WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT THIS CAMPAIGN IS NOW IN FULL SWING IN 82 COUNTRIES AND COLONIES

Pray for a Universal Awakening

Little The Army Cannot Put to Good Use

There is little that The Salvation Army cannot put to good use, and Envoy King of Ventura has proved that even a still, when placed in the right hands, can be the means of aiding The Army's helping hand. When a 30-gallon still was captured in a recent raid, the Salvationists saw in it great possibilities. Requested at the sheriff's office resulted in the removal of the still from behind the court-house to the Envoy's back yard.

Several people of enquiring mind,

noticing the presence of extremely poverty-stricken men in the neighborhood of the newly-acquired still, began to wonder whether The Army had forsaken its non-alcoholic principles; so a reporter from a local newspaper was sent to clear the matter up.

Being asked whether it was true that he was operating a still, Envoy King smiled. "We are not using it yet," he said, "because there is work for most of the men in town; but in the winter we'll have to feed lots of men. This will be just the thing to cook beans in!"

A New Use for the Telephone — A Hint from Cuba

By Brigadier Chas. Smith,

General Secretary, West Indies, West

DURING the past six months we have established three Corps in Havana, two for Cubans and the third on the outskirts of the city for the West Indian settlers. During my visit I was greatly impressed with our first Corps in Havana. All the speaking is in Spanish. In the last month seventeen Cubans came forward for Salvation. I spent a profitable night at this Corps. It was raining hard, but there were fifty-nine people present, and a company of young people sang in Spanish.

The converts are a body of fine, thoughtful-looking men. Realising that these were our first converts amongst the native whites in Cuba, I watched them very intently during the Meeting. Their attitude during prayer was devout, and they sang most heartily. During the translation of my testimony and address they appeared greatly interested.

Calls from the Comrades

There is a telephone in the Hall, and on the night of my Meeting there were calls from several of the comrades who were living far from the Hall. They were anxious, in view of the downpour to find out if there was to be a Meeting. On the telephone they were able to hear the singing, and came hurriedly up in a taxi. This little incident indicates the spirit of these comrades, and encourages us to feel that we are on good ground.

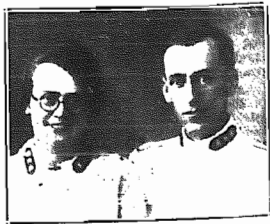
The other day I received a phone call from a man who was convicted of sin through reading "The War Cry". So distressed in spirit was he that he rang up and made an appointment through the telephone in the hope of getting saved. He came as appointed, and was gloriously converted.

Though this work amongst the Cubans is in its early stages we have a company of over forty Young People on the register, and they have given their first special Meeting with songs and recitations. Few know English, except those in high Government positions, so that all officers who labor in Cuba should know Spanish.

A Martyr in China

FOR some considerable time rumour had been current that disaster had overtaken one of the brightest converts of the Wellington City Corps, Mr. Zeal and Brother Kin Lock, who recently returned on a visit to China. All too true the news had proved to be, the particulars of the comrade's martyrdom having been received by his relatives residing in Wellington.

On return to China Kin Lock carried on his work of Salvationism. He was warned by the disturbing element that further mission work would result in his death. Undaunted, however, he continued his work and was beheaded.



A recent portrait of Ensign and Mrs. Patterson, Canada West Missionary Officers in China.

The General's Second Grandson

OUR readers will rejoice with Staff-Captain and Mrs. Wycliffe Booth in the happy event which enriched their home at Hadley Wood, September 19th, when a bonnie baby boy arrived to bring the number of their children to four. This is their second boy.

Our congratulations will also be extended to the General and Mrs. Booth, whose sixth grandchild this is.

Calgary and Gleichen

Eventide Home

It will be known to many of our readers that the "Eventide" Home which The Army is so successfully operating at Gleichen, Alta., has had for some time a Women's Wing, of which Commandant Rickell has had control.

The Commissioner has now decided that the ladies who have been in residence there shall be transferred to Calgary, and they have now taken up their abode in the premises which were previously occupied by gentlemen "eventiders". We feel sure that this is a happy arrangement, and that our aged sisters will appreciate the change and consequent comfortable environment.

The men who are thus "dispossessed" have entered into residence at Gleichen, so that all our men patients are under one care. Adjutant and Mrs. Norberg now have quite a large and responsible charge. We ought to say, though, that the Honnie Doon Home, Edmonton, still continues to operate.

The Calgary address is 211, Eleventh Avenue, and Commandant Rickell, together with Captain Hankenson and Lieutenant Wright, is there, very busily but happily engaged.

League of Mercy

A FEW of the members of the Winnipeg League of Mercy met at the home of Mrs. Alex. Mackenzie one afternoon last week to bid farewell to Mrs. Wilson, who has been such a useful member of the league, but who is leaving the City. Her many years' service were gratefully acknowledged; she will be much missed.

Lt.-Colonel Robert Perry

MANY of us remember well Lt.-Colonel Perry's visit to Winnipeg in connection with the Congress Meetings of 1924, and will also have in mind his valiant services in connection with the Canada East "Cry" and innumerable other Army publications. The Colonel recently met with a serious accident in Toronto, but we are happy to hear he has returned from hospital, and is in a fair way to thorough recovery.

Y.P.S.M. at Seventy-five

THE British "Cry" records the passing of a Local Officer veteran not unknown to some comrades out West: Y.P.S.M. Hill, of Shoeburyness, fulfilled the duties of his position with vigour and success almost to the day of his death, although he had reached the ripe old age of seventy-five years. A salute to the veterans of all our lands!



Winnipeg, October 10th

As we go to press the first Congress arrivals are in the city, and faith is running high for a blessed series of Meetings. Winnipeg is all ready, and, according to indirect reports, Vancouver is just about there, too. Colonel Mary will surely get the welcome of her life.

It is a delight to know that the Chief Secretary is attending at the Office and has his hand on Headquarters affairs. He is still far from well, and contrary to the hopes expressed by us last week, may not be in attendance at many Congress Meetings, but progress is being made.

The very great respect in which Lt.-Colonel Taylor was held by those not officially connected with us was well evidenced by the attendance of many such at the Citadel Funeral Service on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Joy and Mrs. Staff-Captain Weeks collaborated in the evening Meeting at Grace Hospital on the other Sunday; it was a joy for them to know that at least one in the Meeting signified her desire for spiritual betterment.

The Toronto "Cry" tells us that Lt.-Colonel Dickinson has passed through some trying shipping experiences in connection with his recent introductory trip; once when about four miles from their desired haven, the sail was hoisted, but a sudden and terrific squall snapped the mast off, carrying it overboard, and with it the sail and rigging. The sail in its downward plunge enveloped one member of the party. The others were alarmed for an instant, but the sturdy comrade emerged unhurt.

Brigadier Smith had a pleasing task at Dauphin last weekend; the opening of the new Young People's Hall. See fuller reports next week.

The many comrades and friends of Brigadier and Mrs. Hector Wright (Australia) will be glad to hear that their daughter Doris is fully recovered from her recent serious street accident.

A note in the British "Cry" says that Colonel Cameron is much loved name, that, for many in Canada, with whom Lt.-Colonel Mary Jordan was most intimately associated for many years, wishes to thank every comrade who has displayed such sympathy and interest in connexion with the passing of her old

comrade, Colonel Cameron and Lt.-Colonel Jordan were close friends for many years.

Reports from the Coast are to the effect that Mrs. Adjutant Sharp is slowly recovering from her recent severe illness, and may soon be able to rejoin her husband at Vancouver II. At present she is resting at Victoria.

Adjutant Marsland is making a good recovery, so we hear; his operation was a successful one, but reports are to the effect that he is able to leave his room occasionally for a few moments. He is still in hospital.

An interesting announcement is the probable early return to Canada West of Adjutant Jean Scott, who has been undergoing a course at Covington General Hospital, Kentucky. She graduated there in June last. "Come awa' ben, sister."

We regret to hear that Mrs. Ensign Thie'stein is in a rather serious state of ill-health, so much so as to make it necessary for the Ensign to be relieved of Corps duty for a time.

Another Kildonan patient is Ensign Mary McKay, who has just undergone an operation for appendicitis; she is, we are glad to say, on the happy road to recovery. Lieut. Maude Kerr, also of Kildonan, has had to undergo hospital treatment, but she, too, is doing well again.

Our other hospital comrades are said to be making splendid progress, including Mrs. Captain Boyle, who has passed through a trying and painful physical experience.

Mrs. Captain Harold Martin, of Kildonan, is flourishing at Vancouver, following on her recent, serious illness; Vancouver breezes will do wonders for her. We want to see her around again.

We hear that Captain and Mrs. Leslie Sharpe have been appointed to the charge of Woodside Immigration Lodge, Toronto and here's wishing them success.

One evening a man went to a hotel to stay till morning. He paid the price of his room in anticipation. "Do you wish to have a receipt, sir?" "No, it is not necessary. God has seen that I paid the amount." "God? I don't believe in God." "Then please give me a receipt!"

"From India's Coral Strand"

WE have been permitted the following interesting glimpses into a letter addressed to Brigadier Smith, from Captain John Fitton of the Indian Mission Field. The Captain, although not a Canada West Missionary Officer, having entered Training in Toronto, is a son of Humboldt, and owns the Brigadier as his spiritual father.

"I shall always feel indebted to you, Brigadier," says the Captain, "for what you have done for me. Surely this is the spirit of Christianity, and of The Salvation Army." I have travelled a few miles, and met many people, but, alas, I often fail to meet with the spirit one would like to find. However, here and there one finds men and women living out that spirit in a practical way, and helping and blessing others.

"You came to my help at the most critical time in my experience, and gave me the push upward," and, by the help of God I am still going upward.

"Dear old Humboldt! How small it seems to me now, and yet, it was there I made the start; it was there I came in contact with you. I shall never forget the Sunday I sat in the Hall there, a stranger in quest of oil, do you remember? You were doing the Meetings that Sunday, and I had just left, singing to the accompaniment of your concertina. You blessed me then, and now here I am, a Missionary Officer in India. God is good, and wherever one goes, and in whatever circumstances one is placed there is that assurance, like a bright star shining through the darkness, 'What a beautiful thing to have Him.' I have, always as an unfeeling friend."

You Never can Tell when

the Death Bell's Telling

It is with deep sympathy for the sorrowing parents and relatives that we report the tragic death of Mr. Douglas Munday, aged twenty-three, a nephew of Mrs. Commissioner Whatmore, and one of Victoria's young business men. He is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Munday, who have resided for many years in Victoria, and was a bright, earnest Christian.

On Wednesday evening he attended the service at the Metropolitan United Church that was led by Adjutant Merrett, and on Thursday evening took part in one held in his own church, the Victoria Hall, where the Christian Brethren meet for worship. Early on Friday morning while out hunting a gun in the hands of a companion was accidentally discharged and he was instantly killed.

Only a few days before his sudden call he expressed to one of the comrades the pleasure anticipated in an expected visit from his aunt, Mrs. Commissioner Whatmore. He will not be here to meet her, but there will be one more looking over the battlements of Glory, awaiting the dear ones of earth.—A.E.T.

He was My Friend

(Continued from page 3)

of those mysteries the unravelling of which must leave to God Himself;

"He is His own interpreter, And He will make it plain."

The pain of the separation is keen nevertheless, but as with all Army separations there is this with it, the glorious knowledge that we shall certainly meet again. "I am the resurrection and the life," said Jesus, and if that word be true for our promoted comrade, it is no less true for us, and so—
On that bright and cloudless morning
When in the arms of Christ shall rise
We shall meet him again.

One word more. For the moment the suddenness of his call overshadowed all other thoughts, but out of them there has come and still is one insistent message, a word that will not be stilled, it is the voice of the Holy Spirit Himself—
"Be ye also ready."



Adjutant and Mrs. McTavish, who are now furloughing in Canada after seven years' service in India. They are very welcome Congress visitors in Winnipeg.

"Ye Took Me In"

A Few of the Social Activities Engaged in by the Officers in Charge of a "Hard Go"

Most people associate the Social work of The Army with large cities and this is no doubt quite natural. Many of our Corps Officers, however, stationed in comparatively small places are, in addition to their evangelistic efforts, carrying on a splendid work in the above connection. Here is a casual list of items which have, during the past month, fallen to the lot of Ensign and Mrs. John Moll, of Vegreville, Sask.

"We have had quite a Shelter Depot here," says the Ensign, "during the last couple of weeks, having accepted three children which could not be accommodated in an institution. No one seemed to have a room, so we took them in."
"Then a man who had been tramping the road and had lost his pay cheque was cared for. Before reaching Vegreville he had been taken sick and spent

the night in a police cell as there was no other place for him to go. We took the poor fellow in and fixed him up, and I don't think I have ever seen anyone so grateful. Afterwards, when he was able, he paid for his keep."

"Last weekend we looked after six British emigrants and supplied them with meals as well as attending to one of their number who had been taken sick. We had a 'full house' I can tell you!"

"Then we are always on the go visiting the hospitals, etc., where we distribute the 'War Cry' to the inmates of the same. And as it goes on, not too bad for a 'Hard Go'—what do you say?"

We agree with our Comrade and wish him and his good wife further success in their "labors more abundant."

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder—**William Booth**
General—**Bramwell Booth**

International Headquarters
London, England
Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg. A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50 prepaid. Address The Publications Secretary, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg. Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada West by The Farmer's Advocate of Winnipeg, Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langside Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTION—

TO BE CAPTAIN:
Lieutenant Talmage Hamilton, Fort Frances.
TO BE PRIME: Arthur Allan.

Pre-Lieutenant Arthur Allan.

APPOINTMENTS—

Staff-Captain Charles Tuttle, to be Subscribers' Secretary for British Columbia and Alberta.
Staff-Captain Benjamin Bourne, to be Provincial Financial Organizer for Saskatchewan.
Adjutant William Cooper, to be Financial Organizer for Northern Saskatchewan.
Adjutant Richard Shaw, to be Financial Organizer for Alberta.
Adjutant and Mrs. William Kerr, from Calgary Seventide Home, to Prince Rupert District.
Adjutant Harold Hanson, from Furlough to Grace Hospital, Edmonton.
Ensign Ella Tigerstedt, from Furlough, to Chibougamau.

Ensign and Mrs. Fred Dorin, from Swift Current to Melrose.
Ensign and Mrs. Arthur Coleman, from Vernon to Grandview (Vancouver 3).
Ensign and Mrs. Sidney Joyce, from Prince Rupert to Vernon.
Ensign and Mrs. Henry Majury, from Selkirk to Neepawa.
Captain and Mrs. Allan McInnes, from Yorkton to Neepawa.
Captain and Mrs. James Sutherland, from Weyburn to Yorkton.
Captain and Mrs. William O'Donnell, from Selkirk to Swift Current.
Captain and Mrs. Arthur Smith, from Home St., (Wpg. 8) to Saskatoon 2.
Captain and Mrs. Harold Chapman, from North Battleford to South Vancouver.
Captain and Mrs. Ernest Fitch, from Neepawa to Grandview.
Captain Florence Tucker, from Elmwood to Selkirk.
Captain Mary Gardner, from Regina 2 to Home St., Wpg. 8.
Captain Alae Young, from Saskatoon 2 to Kamaskia.

Captain Edith Griffiths, from the Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, to High River.
Captain Ena Anderson, from Kamaskia to Prince Rupert Corps.
Captain Doris Thatcher, from Furlough to the Grace Hospital, Winnipeg.
Captain Marjorie Fennie, from the Trauma Garrison to North Vancouver.
Captain Talmage Hamilton, from Fort Frances to Elmwood (Wpg. 7).
Captain Hector Nysserod, from the Manitoba Charlot to Regina 2.
Captain Arthur Newby, from Grande Prairie to Shewanawan.

Captain Travis Wagner, from Lloydminster to the Subscribers' Office, Winnipeg.
Captain Reginald Bamsey, from the Alberta Charlot to North Battleford.
Captain Robert Cull, from Indian Head to Climax.
Captain Arthur Allan, from the Alberta Charlot to Lloydminster.

Lieutenant Lilian Parr, from Kamaskia to Vernon.
Lieutenant Margaret Tigerstedt, from Edson to Vernon.
Lieutenant Dorcas McCleery, from Elmwood to Weston.
Lieutenant Ruby Bell, from Saskatoon 2 to Chibougamau.

Lieutenant Fern Morrison, from Special Work to Kamaskia.
Lieutenant Minnie Hill, from Special Work to Edson.

Lieutenant Winnifred Rayner, from Brandon Children's Home to Inuvialuk.
Lieutenant Louise Dorin, from the Grace Hospital, Vancouver, to Neepawa.

Lieutenant Daisy Stobhart, from Vernon to North Vancouver.
Lieutenant Sidney Memund, from Shewanawan to Elmwood (Wpg. 7).
Lieutenant Archibald Dale, from S. Sask. Charlot to Indian Head.

Lieutenant John Nelson, from the Manitoba Charlot to Indian Head.
Lieutenant William Gibson, from Kelowna to North Battleford.

Lieutenant William Ennis, from Grande Prairie to Shewanawan.
Lieutenant Jack Mumford, from the Alberta Charlot to Vernon.
Lieutenant Burton Dumerton, from S. Sask. Charlot to Fernie.
Lieutenant Derrick Hillary, from Neepawa to Fort Frances.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

"I'm right now, Captain, I got right as when I rose from my seat," said a wanderer who returned to the Fold at Beith, Scotland, the other Sunday night.

COLONEL MARY BOOTH WELCOME!

IT would almost fail us to set down the entire sum of our reasons for welcoming our International visitor—Colonel Mary Booth, it seems they think of one than another suggests itself to our mind, and even then we shall not satisfy all our readers.

We think, however, that the Colonel will not mind our saying, and that most folks will agree with us in it, that we welcome her first of all because she is a daughter of our devoted General and Mrs. Booth, and the beloved granddaughter of our dear old Founder. Is there a real Salvationist anywhere in this Dominion who does not welcome her on that account?

We welcome her, too, because she will maintain the splendid traditions of her family, her messages will be of the character that will enthrone our soldiery and beset our discipleship.

And that, of course, means that we welcome her for her own sake. For her worth as an Officer in The Army, for the years of her own service—Corps, Battlefield, and the like. It is no small score of successful work. Colonel Mary Booth has to her record.

From the days when she fought as a Soldier and Local Officer in her home

Corps at Barnett; the years of her Field Service when she braved the police-court and jail for her defence of our Open-Air rights; the splendid time of her War Days—when on the field and in the hospital she was as a second "Lady of the Lamp" to our brave fighting boys.

Then there are some amongst us over here who remember her as their Divisional Commander, and leader in Army enterprises—North and South. Lastly, but not by any means least, she comes to us as the Commander of a loyal Regiment of Salvation, a regiment that has shown its fealty to the Flag of the Blood-and-Fire, and fights side by side with their international comrades the world over—she comes as the Territorial Commander of our German comrades.

So we say, and we say it as affectionately as the very expression makes it—Welcome, Colonel Mary!

And here is post-script to say that we welcome most heartily her travelling aide—Brigadier Eva Smith, who has made for herself a place in the fighting forces of our German Salvationists. A true comrade, we welcome her also.

Some Farewell Salutes

Brigadier and Mrs. George Smith

THE genial and ever welcome comings and goings in our midst of Brigadier and Mrs. Smith will soon be a thing of the past, at least as a regular happening.



In a few days they will be taking up their residence in Regina and assuming the command of the Southern Saskatchewan Division.

The Commissioner was to have presided at a Meeting in the Winnipeg Citadel at which farewells were to have been said to our comrades, but this arrangement had to be cancelled owing to the funeral of the Field Secretary.

However, we take occasion here to say that the Brigadier's labors in Winnipeg, and especially at Territorial Headquarters, have been greatly appreciated, and not without blessing to many. Mrs. Smith has also made herself gladly useful in her work with the League of Mercy and Home League.

We are sorry that their last days with us are somewhat anxious, owing to Junior Isabel's enforced hospital stay; but she is speedily recovering, and will, we hope, be quite ready for the Regina transfer.

Brigadier and Mrs. Layman

Farewell From Victoria

It was Victoria's privilege to have Brigadier and Mrs. Layman and family for their last Meeting on Canadian soil, before leaving for their new command in the Hawaiian Islands. During Saturday night a good crowd was able to turn out, including the Band and Songster Brigade and the city Officers. All were well repaid for any extra effort while listening to the Brigadier's and Mrs. Layman's farewell addresses. Both Canadians, their chief thought in leaving the land of their birth seemed to be a great desire to do even more than ever for God in The Army's service where they were going.

Victoria Corps has felt their concentrated influence during their command in Southern British Columbia, and our prayers and good wishes follow them in their new sphere of labor. In a representative speech, Adjutant Merrett re-

minded us that time and space were nothing to our God, and in Him we are one although divided in the carrying on of His work.

"I'll be true. Lord, to Thee," was sung by the choir at the Meeting closed. At 9 a.m. on Sunday morning the final handshakes were exchanged at the outer docks when Brigadier and Mrs. Layman and their three Salvationist children sailed for Honolulu.—A.E.T.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Steele

SURELY we cannot let our very good comrades, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Steele plunge out into their Western adventure without giving them one more word of appreciation. They have proved themselves very worthy of such a word.

The Staff-Captain and his very energetic wife came to us from Toronto five years ago, and took up their Training



Garrison duties with a vim which left little to be desired; there are many Officers now in the Territory who will say "Amen" to that.

Then just on two years ago they entered upon the responsibilities of the Winnipeg Division, with its new-fangled anxieties and problems, in the same faithful manner, and have been "ever with us." We shall miss them, even while we co-operate right heartily with Major and Mrs. Carruthers.

We much regret we were not privileged to take part in the Division Farewell Meeting planned for Monday night last, but cancelled owing to Colonel Taylor's funeral. "The War Cry" does, however, wish them well in the name of the Lord, and predicts a period of sunny usefulness in the Alberta Division, whence they proceeded immediately after the Winnipeg Congress.

"COME ON, DAD"

ONE of the seekers on a recent Sunday night at Brixham, Eng., was a boy who, before coming to the Meeting, said to his father, "Come on, Dad; why don't you go to The Army to-night and hear something about God?" His father attended the Meeting, and witnessed his little son's bold stand for Christ.

Commissioner Ridsdel

THE British "Cry" announces that Commissioner Ridsdel, that ever-young veteran, celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday on September 31st, by conducting the week-end Meetings at Waltham Abbey Corps.

Commissioner Mitchell

THE many comrades and friends of Commissioner Mitchell throughout Canada West, and there are many, will be glad to learn that he is making very satisfactory progress since his recent severe operation.

Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Vlas

Rec'd a Affectionate Welcome to their Homeland

HIS first week-end as Territorial Commander in his native country was spent by Lieut.-Commissioner Vlas at The Hague. His arrival, accompanied by Mrs. Vlas, at the station on Saturday night, was a great event. Hundreds of interested people and eagerly-waiting pressmen listened to the words of welcome, and to the Commissioner's words of reply, which were a mighty declaration of principles. The Chief Secretary, Lt.-Colonel Westergaard, and other Officers, gave expression, in the Meeting which followed, to the joy of the Salvationists and the public.

Three stirring Meetings were held on the Sunday. The Hall was over-crowded and the Commissioner spoke with great power. There were a number of seekers at the Mercy-Seat.

Commissioner and Mrs. Howard

Greeted with Enthusiasm in Switzerland

COMMISSIONER and MRS. HOWARD received a magnificent welcome to Switzerland. Arriving at Berne, they were received by the assembled troops and officers and subsequently by the people. In resounding tones Colonel von Tavel expressed joyful greetings, to which the Territorial Commander replied in words of Salvation fire.

From the opening moments it was seen that both Commissioner and Mrs. Howard had grasped the affection of the people. Sympathetic references to the splendid work of Commissioner van de Werken strengthened the bond of established love and comradeship. The claims of God and the need of immediate Salvation were emphasized.

Interesting Announcement

FORMATION OF THE PRINCE

RUPERT DISTRICT

THE COMMISSIONER makes the interesting announcement that the creation of a new area of Army administration has been decided upon. For a long time past the long distances and excessive travelling and consequent strain in the oversight of the Alaska and North B.C. Division have been the subject of serious consideration, and approval has now been given to the creation of what will be known as the Prince Rupert District.

The area which will be included within this sphere of our operations will be all the Corps and Outposts within the Province of British Columbia now attached to the Alaska and North B.C. Division.

Adjutant William Kerr has been appointed to this interesting and important change and in addition to the responsibilities thus entailed will act as the Commanding Officer of the Prince Rupert Corps; Captain Ena Anderson is appointed as assistant to him and Mrs. Kerr in the Prince Rupert Corps affairs.

It is hoped that the new area will still remain as an integral part of the Alaska and North B.C. Division, with Staff-Captain Acton as Divisional Commander.

We predict for all concerned a useful and successful development of Army activity, and congratulate both Staff-Captain Acton and Adjutant Kerr on what we are sure will be a very happy mutually co-operative service.

We have a rich Father; praise Him! His supplies never fail, and may He put us into tight corners that we may find out "riches are not in Christ Jesus," and draw from His bank when our earthly sources fail.

"A Tree of the Forest has Fallen"

A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.

THESE familiar and poignant lines of Wesley's came with thrilling force to our minds and hearts as we gazed with reverent eyes on the casket containing the mortal remains of Lt. Colonel Bramwell Taylor resting in state at Winnipeg Citadel on Monday afternoon, October 8th.

On the heels of these first thoughts came then the triumphant psalm expressed by the last stanza of the same majestic hymn. We could not, as we recalled our promoted comrade's career, forbear to quote:

*Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.*

Thus silently praising God we took our place among the hushed throng which filled the building—scene of uncounted last earthly farewells—and gave ample indication of the high regard and esteem in which the Colonel had been held. And with dear Mrs. Taylor and son Wilfred, her brother, Mr. Edward Higgins, we came to mourn the loss of a husband, father, brother, comrade and friend.

Is there a Salvationist who has never thrilled at the opening bars of that inspired Army requiem, "Promoted to Glory"? Or whose pulse has not quickened with its noble theme? Or who has not caught a glimpse of paradise with its closing note? On this cloudless October afternoon when the trees outside were fast shedding their golden leaves, (We remembered that the Colonel on assuming his duties as Editor of the "War Cry" gave us an inspired editorial message on "The Falling of a Leaf") our hearts again thrilled within us. And while we stood thus with bowed heads, the sorrowing ones filed to their appointed places and our Territorial Leaders assumed their places.

Staff-Captain Steele led the large assembly in prayer. Our comrade reverently reminded our Heavenly Father that we were His children and that He had promised His comforting aid in the hour of sorrow. "As in the sunshine, so in the clouds," prayed the Staff-Captain, "may Thy great omnipotent power be around and about the bereaved." A petition which found an echo in every heart.

Memories of former days

From the purple-tinted sheets on which the order of service was printed, we sang, "Blessed Lord, There is a God, to the tune 'Gowans'—a favorite of the Colonel's. Memories of him as a Bandman and Bandmaster rose up before us and it seemed to us that the Band on the platform, under Bandmaster H. Merrett, composed of Bandsmen—many of whom attended the service at much personal sacrifice—from the various city Corps, were thinking of the very same thing.

"On looking through some of the Colonel's office papers this morning," said Brigadier John Merrett, who had been selected to read the Scripture portion, "I came across this question-message, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' There is the answer. And our comrade clearly and earnestly read St. Paul's masterly argument on the resurrection from 1 Corinthians 15. Our hearts rejoiced as we heard the grand finale, 'O death where is thy sting; O grave where is thy victory?'"

Major Tyndall, who had been more or less closely associated with the promoted Colonel at Territorial Headquarters, read a tribute from the Chief Secretary on behalf of the Officers in the Territory, and also paid his own personal tribute to our comrade's devotion to duty and high ideals. "If he had spared himself," he said, referring to the Colonel's self-sacrificing labors, "we might have had him longer with us like Another, he spared not himself."

The following is the text of the affectionately-worded message which the Major read on behalf of the Chief Secretary.

The Chief Secretary's Message

"The Colonel has won the love and esteem of us all; he had a wonderful way of entering into our heart's af-

The Commissioner's Impressive Tribute to the Promoted Field Secretary



The funeral cortege leaving the Citadel.

fection; he was truly a man of God; 'The Kingdom First,' was his motto.

"In every respect he was a true, blue Salvationist—fully alive to duty and always interested in the forward march of The Army. He championed the cause of the Corps Officers, showing honour to the veterans and encouraging the young to reap the fields white unto harvest.

"He was possessed of splendid platform ability, speaking with force and power, declaring a truth that could not be gainsaid. He was not afraid to tackle a difficult problem, and was a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

"To us he seemed destined for a field of usefulness greater than any he had hitherto known, but the Heavenly Father has ordered otherwise; we bow to His will.

"Dear Mrs. Taylor and Wilfred," as the message was read by the Major, "I voice the sentiments of the Officers of the Territory and all the Soldierly in assuring you that our hearts are with you in true sympathy. We are praying for you and your dear parents—Major Job Taylor, the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Commissioner Higgins, and all those dear to him and you by the ties of nature. The mighty arm of God will be around you in comfort and rest. 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.' He will not fail you."

We do not know of a selection that might have been more in keeping with the occasion or more comforting in its ministry than the duet sung so tenderly and sweetly by Adjutants Davies and

Haynes. "The Lord is near, He knows." It appeared to us to be the right song at the right time.

The Commissioner's Analogy

The Commissioner's address followed—eloquent, powerful, apt; comparing the promoted Colonel to a tree in the garden of God he stirred all hearts.

"Words are inadequate," said the Commissioner, "in which to pay tribute to our departed comrade. I am sure you will understand. But ever since his passing my thoughts have been running around a verse or so of Scripture which well express what I would like to say to you this afternoon.

"Ezekiel speaks of 'a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, of a high stature; his height was exalted; he was fair in his greatness; the cedars in the garden of God could not hide him; all the trees that were in the garden of God envied him.'

"How often we have walked in the midst of a forest, and have seen some great tree piercing the sky, and always we have wondered at its exceeding beauty. It seems to us to stand straight and true, and its very attitude speaks of strength and integrity. Here is something wonderful, you say, one of the marvels of creation.

"Later we return, only to find ourselves in the midst of a tragedy; for a change has taken place. The woodman has laid his axe to the tree, and its former grandeur is no more.

"Somebody said to me on Saturday, 'Forty-one and finished! That is not true. His head was always in the sky, but his roots were thrust down into the wells of human life about him, of those for whom he was working. It was for them he devoted his life. 'Forty-one and finished.' No! Oh, no!"

"What becomes of the tree? Here you see it again as the mast of a mighty vessel helping to force the ship against tempestuous waves; or it may be as a mighty wireless mast helping to spread the messages throughout the universe; or it may be amongst the pillars of a mighty cathedral; or, it may even be put to some humble, but no less useful, domestic purpose. No longer does it stand as a tree in the forest, but its life is not finished.

"He has gone from us—he is away, but his work is not yet ended. That which has gone to the making of his life, the love and sacrifice of his noble father, and his promoted mother—(whom he now sees in the Glory)—the love of his wife and son—they cannot be in ruin. His service is not ended.

"The life which was palpitating among us yesterday, has passed on to a greater, a most lasting service. If we feel that, and we do, let us say from our hearts 'Thy will be done.' Our tree of the forest has fallen, but his service goes on; God sees to that."

At the conclusion of our Leader's address, the Training Garrison Cadets under the leadership of Adjutant Davies, sang softly the beautiful chorus, "When in the darkness Jesus is near me." We appreciated this and other appropriate choruses, rendered by our comrades before and after the service.

Messages, the Commissioner intimated, had come from all over The Army world. What a world of comradeship to be sure! The General and Mrs. Booth, the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Higgins (our prayers were especially for them), Commissioner Mapp and relatives residing in many places. All too numerous but to make brief mention of in this report.

We were glad that Mr. Edward Higgins from Toronto had been able to reach the city in time for the service. As a brother of Mrs. Taylor he was able to be of much comfort to her and as representing the relatives, he spoke during the service. His voice vibrating his feelings, the speaker told of the great affection which he had for his brother-in-law and recalled many tender memories. All that you knew about him, he said officially, "he said, 'We knew of him as a brother and pal. I am glad to have cherished memories of a real man.' Which was a sentiment agreed to by all.

The service was now almost at its close and we had sung with heartfelt fervency, "Jesus, the Son of my soul," to the matchless tune "Hollingshead," when Mrs. Lt. Colonel Taylor made her way to the platform to say a word. And what noble words, so bravely spoken they were. How our hearts went out to her.

"I wish to say 'Amen' to everything we have heard," she said, struggling to hide her deep emotion. "Our life together has been one song and no shadow. I want to say to the people of God that my faith in Him is unshaken."

We repeat; noble words, heroically spoken.

The audience stood to its feet while Lt. Colonel Joy voiced our unspoken desires in a tender petition, quickening and deepening our consecration and the Commissioner pronounced the Benediction. "We hear the concluding words yet, 'Until the morning breaks and the shadows flee away.'"

Following the service, the large crowds were permitted to pass by the casket which was banked with sprays, wreaths and other love tokens, and many persons were deeply affected by the last glimpse of the once strong, virile features now calm in repose.—W.R.P.

(Continued on page 8)

Final Scenes in Toronto

The spacious Toronto Temple was crowded this afternoon (Wednesday) with an intensely sympathetic audience for the final funeral scenes. Lt. Colonel B. Taylor was a comrade generally beloved amongst us.—Lt. Commissioner Maxwell conducted the service and had with him in this Commissioner Whalmsley and Lt. Commissioner Rich. Impressive tributes were made by these Leaders.

Colonel Henry, Chief Secretary, read a number of sympathetic messages, but only a few of those that have been received by the Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell's rendering of "The Silver Cord" was a benediction in song.

Messrs W. Taylor and E. Higgins spoke in terms of brotherly affection; and Lt. Colonel Artwell pronounced a warm eulogy. The vast audience was greatly stirred by Mrs. Taylor's tender reference to a loving husband, and her courageous statement of her unshaken faith in God.

A reverent crowd lined the route to the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery above, with many other Army colleagues, our comrade's remains now rest. At the grave Lt. Commissioner Maxwell pronounced an eloquent final tribute and Lt. Commissioner Rich pronounced the great and sacred words of committal.—S. A. Church, Major,

"A Tree of the Forest Has Fallen"

(Continued from page 7)

The Funeral Procession

Headed by massed flags and the Band, the cortege made its way to the C.P.R. station en route for Toronto and the final scenes at Mt. Pleasant.

Crowds of citizens lined the route of the procession and were deeply impressed as was indicated by the solemn reverence with which they viewed the march. The men stood bare headed and it was observed that not a few on the crowded sidewalks wiped away tears. Police officers on duty stood to the salute and business men suspended their labor.

"I loved that man," said a spectator who had doubtless heard the Colonel's virile message in life. And the speaker was not alone in his sentiment. Did we not all love and admire him!

At the station entrance the Band and comrades leading the procession opened out to permit the cortege to pass en route to the shipping platform and as long as the casket remained in sight, the crowd stood with bowed heads.

Shortly after this the large crowd silently dismissed and betook themselves on their various homeward ways. As they did so the clouds which had temporarily overcast the sky parted to allow a brilliant shaft of sunshine to flood the earth.

We thanked God for the heavenly symbol—our thoughts the while travelling with our comrades on their way eastward and prayed that the Son of Righteousness might graciously descend upon the dark clouds of grief and sorrow with the bright ray of His Presence.

Army Wedding Bells at The Pas

Brother William Campbell and Corps Secretary Annie Wright

An event of considerable interest took place in The Army Hall on October 2nd, this being the occasion of the wedding of two of our most esteemed Soldiers, Brother William L. Campbell and Corps Secretary Annie M. Wright. The ceremony was performed by Brigadier Gosling, who made a special visit to The Pas for the occasion. The Life-Saving Guards formed a Guard of Honor—the bride was the Guard-Leader.

The bride was escorted to the platform by her father, and attended by Lieutenant Loewen, and little Elsie and Kathrine Wright. Brother Andrew Campbell supported the bridegroom. The wedding party, all in full uniform, made a splendid impression on the audience. The service was very beautiful throughout. After the ceremony Sister Mrs. Johnston sang, "When love shines in". Captain Johnson, the Commanding Officer, spoke especially of the bride's faithfulness in her Corps duties, and her unselfish spirit. The groom, although his daily duties have kept him from full attendance at Meetings, is a fine example of Army Soldiership.

Sister Mrs. Campbell spoke, telling how she felt she had been led by God in this step, and Brother Campbell voiced much the same feelings. Brigadier Gosling spoke of his happy associations with our comrades, and said it was because of the esteem in which he held them that he had given this special trip to The Pas, in order to give them a real Army wedding—the first of its kind to take place in this town.—P.

In addition to the positions already mentioned, the bride, who has been a Soldier of the Corps for seven years, is the Sand-Tray Sergeant. We pray that God will bless these comrades.—E.F.J.

Major and Mrs. Carruthers Farewell From Ketchikan

Ketchikan (Captain and Mrs. Parkinson). Last Sunday Major Carruthers and his family visited, and comrades and friends gathered from Metlakatla and Saxman to hear his last words of counsel and encouragement. The Major is well-known and loved among us, and highly respected by everyone. The people of Alaska regret very much to see him leave.

God's presence was near us in the Holy Meeting, with the result that eighteen souls reconverted themselves. During the Meeting many tributes were paid to the Major, referring especially to his sincerity and kindness. The Meeting was brightened by the visit of Sergeant-Major Frank from Hyaburg, whose testimony was a blessing to us all.—C.C.

"Until Death Us Do Part"

The Wedding of Captain Ernest Fitch and Lieut. Gladys Venn

HOW closely allied are our joys and sorrows. There were none present at the wedding ceremony which is here described who thought that Lt.-Colonel Taylor was himself the verve of eternity when he uttered for his two young comrades the solemn vow in which it was their joy to pledge themselves. There is a happy significance in the fact that his last public act was to start Two splendid young Field Officers on the track of united service in The Army.—Ed.

THE quiet simplicity of the Garrison Lecture Hall provided the most charming setting for the wedding of Captain Ernest Fitch, of Neepawa, and Lieutenant Gladys Venn, of Weston, on the evening of Thursday, October 4th. We were quite forcibly reminded of the fact that our comrades were members of the first Session to be trained here, when their entry was heralded by the vigorous singing of "Make way, make way for 'The Victors,'" by a number of their Sessional comrades. Attended respectively by Captain Doris Pickles and Y.P. Band-Leader L. Fitch, the bride and bridegroom took their places, and soon, under the sympathetic leadership of the Field Secretary the Meeting was in full swing, everyone joining in the time-honored wedding-song, "God is Love." Brigadier Carter prayed, and Captain Little, of Weston, read a portion of Scripture.

The outspoken responses of the bride and bridegroom resounded clearly through the stillness of the Hall, impressing us greatly, but more particularly would we

and something of the "high quality of their Salvationism," as he referred to it. Captain Pickles, a Training chum, also testified to the fact that Mrs. Fitch is a "real Salvationist."

Then came a duet, rather unusual for a wedding, and yet most suitable, from Adjutants Davies and Haynes, "What a work the Lord has done, by His saving grace," after which Mrs. Staff-Captain Dray took the platform, telling in a winning manner something of the work done in their home Corps by Captain and Mrs. Fitch, and also of the Captain's home-responsibilities, after the death of his father in the Great War. "I wish for them," she concluded, "the best blessings of the Lord," and her wish was echoed by all around.

Comrades from other parts of the Territory are always gladly welcomed in Winnipeg, and Y.P. Band-Leader Louis Fitch of Grandview (Vancouver III), the bridegroom's brother, was decidedly no exception; he quickly won a place for himself by his humorous, brotherly speech, and evident Salvationism.



Captain Doris Pickles, Band-Leader Louis Fitch, Mrs. Captain Fitch, Captain Ernest Fitch and Junior Peggy Doley

mention the tender prayer offered by Lt.-Colonel Taylor at the close of the ceremony; "Thou art everywhere present," he said, and as he spoke we remembered, as he had done, relatives in distant Vancouver who were thinking of the son and daughter on this happy evening. A Garrison Quartette—Staff-Captain Mundy, Adjutants Davies and Haynes, and Sergeant Weir—sang the Benediction, and then the Colonel said "God bless Captain and Mrs. Fitch," and everyone applauded generously.

Numerous telegrams, from relatives at the Coast and in New York, and from Training comrades, were read by Lieut. Hillary, the Captain's assistant, and from those of the parents, to the one to which the Colonel laudingly referred later in the evening, which congratulated the Captain on being "the first of 'The Victors' to join the Benedicts," they all carried the same blessing. Lieut. Hillary also brought with him the good wishes of the Neepawa Soldiers.

From the Field Secretary's tender and even fatherly remarks we gathered chiefly an impression of the good service that has already been rendered by our comrades,

Captain and Mrs. Fitch, both energetic, virile Salvationists, were most happy in their remarks. Mrs. Fitch paid tribute to her Army upbringing and spoke of her happiness in her work. The Captain, in his eloquent testimony, said that the three months of his stay at Neepawa, had been the happiest in his life, and said that any sacrifice they might have made in giving up other plans, and leaving their home-Corps, had been quite forgotten in the joy of service.

Then came the last, interesting item, Colonel Taylor's announcement of their new appointment—Grande Prairie—which was joyfully received. The Meeting closed with the singing of "The Lord's my Shepherd," and Staff-Captain Steele's benedictory prayer.

Both Captain and Mrs. Fitch entered the Work from Grandview, Vancouver, and, although their career as Officers has been short, they certainly proved their capabilities in their home-Corps, where they were respectively Scout and Guard-Leaders, and also held other important Local Officers' positions.

—D.O.J.

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



Suite A1 Styremup Mansions, Winnipeg, Man.

My Dear Mr. Editor:

You really must excuse me if my remarks this week are brief and hurried; I've scarcely time to look around me for any private affairs. I've been driving busy for the last few days, helping Dorcas. She is one of those individuals who cannot go out and shut up the house and leave it for a day and sit and enjoy the Meetings without knowing there isn't a speck of dirt anywhere at home.

She said to me the other day, "I've got such a lot of washing to do, I must get ready for Congress," and ever since I've been puzzling my brains to know what connection there is between a washing day and the Congress. The only things I can think of is that good old text; "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

That isn't a text at all, it's not in the Bible, and you calling yourself an Envoy! Well, I've told her, if it is not in the Bible, then all I can say is that it ought to be, for I've preached more than one sermon on it and nobody has ever found fault with it before. I'd like to say that a good rendering of it would be, "Without cleanliness there isn't much godliness," and I'd further like to remark that, "Without 'War Cry' selling there isn't much Army!" It's all very well for some folks to say that they "love the dear old Army," but they never lift a finger to sell a "Cry"; some of them don't even read them, except those snippy "Table-Talk" items. Talk about loving The Army—ugh!

But, as I've been saying, I've had no time to get these Notes ready, for Dorcas has been having the fourth spring-clean this year, and now we're all ready for Congress, and the forty-seven visitors we are bound to have. It's high time I got a car of my own, I shall spend a fortune in street-car tickets.

Cannot you get some definite news get dear Brigadier Merritt in as Publisher he will do something in the matter, not but what I've been good friends with Brigadier Smith—we've had some lovely conversations on the phone. Then, do you think the new D.C.s, or rather, the fresh D.C.s will be stirring up things?

The present position is awful, and how some of the folks can have the impudence to come up to Congress, and sing and shout and enjoy themselves, and never turn a hair over the miserable "Cry" sales of their Corps, I can't think. I only wish Colonel Marlow would say a word about it; she's an author herself, and she ought to know how to write, and feel that—there, what's the use. (All right, Dorcas, I'm coming).

Yours getting ready,
Daniel Domore, Envoy

A Record Attendance

North Vancouver (Captain Fitch and Lieutenant Stobart). A record attendance gathered in our Hall to take part in our Harvest Festival Meetings, and much praise ascribed to God. The sale of produce, held during the following week, contributed to a warm Army friend, proved most successful.

Recently we had the joy of seeing a backslider come back to God, Halk Hall! We have said farewell to Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Amos, and thank God for their work among us. We are glad to welcome our new Officers.—Bill



NO ONE SEEMED TO LISTEN

The Solo that won at least One Man for God

IT was in a quiet agricultural town, where the winter wind had been having its frolic all the day. At eventide it had slipped away to sleep. Jack Frost, however, had awakened to chill everyone.

The Salvation Army seemed the only people about. Their love for souls baffled even Jack Frost, for, prompt to the hour of seven p.m., the little red-hot band stood singing. "Will you go? Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?"

A youth, who had left his day's work, was making his way to the Town Hall, where a travelling theatre was billed to play "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This was the kind of pleasure he loved, and hut for the little red-hot band he might possibly be on the same track to-day.

The Army Did Not Appeal

The Salvation Army did not appeal to this youth, and he had never stayed to listen to them on the street.

"Will you sing to-night?" asked the Captain of a timid girl, who shrank from any publicity. She answered: "What's the use? There seems no one listening."

"You sing the solo, Sister, and leave the results with God. He has many a time reached a poor soul even when there seemed no one about. Besides," the Captain said, "we shall never know this side of eternity the good that has been done through singing," and the Captain walked to the other side of the ring.

"This side of eternity," thought the timid Sister. "Well, I will sing about eternity." "Now, Sister," said the Captain, "let us have that solo." "Would Jesus have the sinner die?" the girl sang, with the chorus, "Eternity, eternity, where will you spend eternity?"

"My word, that's all right; that singing is grand!" and for the first time the youth found himself standing listening to the Salvation Army. "If Uncle Tom's

Cabin were not being played to-night I think I would go and listen to them in their Hall," he muttered, as he turned away and went to the theatre.

All through the acting he thought he could hear the words, "Eternity, where will you spend eternity?" and when a death scene came on he got up and hurried out of the theatre, as though he had been taken ill.

He found himself walking in the direction of The Army Hall, and getting near he heard the singing. Quietly ascending the stairs he listened. "It is not so late," he argued; "I think I'll go in for a short time."

He had not been in long before a hand was laid upon his shoulder. "God bless you, my lad!" the speaker said, "Where will you spend your long eternity?" That did it! Amid a flood of tears he went to the Penitent-Form and sought the pardon of sin.

Difficult to Become a Salvationist

Circumstances at home made it difficult for the new convert to become a Salvationist. Prejudice had to be broken down and some time elapsed before he could again attend The Army. But God's grace was sufficient. By and by opposition ceased, and the young man found his way back to the little Hall where the Lord had met him.

After a few months of real fighting as a Soldier in the Corps, God called him to leave all and follow Him.

Now, as an Officer, he looks back upon a score of appointments, and can find numbers who were saved during his command, which proves, beyond doubt, that his call was of God.

He does his full share of solo singing, for he never forgets that by this means God arrested the youth whom He wanted for His work—Melbourne "Cry".

Transfers from the Y.P. Band

Some Hints and Suggestions

There is sometimes a little friction on the matter of transfers from the Young People's to the Senior Band. Leaders who have trained boys upon whom the Band is dependent are naturally loth to part with them; but the fact remains that as soon as a lad reaches the age of sixteen he is eligible for membership in the Senior Band and should be allowed to take his rightful place without the unpleasantness which sometimes occurs.

It is presumed that Young People's Band Leaders realize the age limitations before they undertake the responsibilities of command. If the baton is taken up in full acceptance of the condition that lads under eight years of age and over sixteen must not be considered as eligible for membership, there need be no friction when the momentous birthdays arrive. Instead of chafing under the limitations of his position, the successful and happy Leader looks at the Senior Band and finds there, in the sight of the boys and young men he has trained, ample reward for his labors.

It is unfair to expect boys of sixteen years to play with those of eight and ten. They aspire to something greater than the accomplishments of a Young People's Band, and any attempt to restrict their aspirations is a display of selfishness on the Band Leader's part.

The Regulations

At the same time, Senior Bandmasters are occasionally over-zealous in the enforcing of one half of the Regulation, plucking the mainstays of the younger Band away and making them hardly appreciated secondary members of the Senior Combination. In order that the efficiency of the Young People's Band may not be unduly affected, a period of three months must elapse between the transfer of the senior Band of any two leading instrument players; and six months must elapse before two Band members playing similar instruments may be transferred, unless the condition of the Young People's Band makes it possible or desirable for the Young People's Band Leader to recommend transfers within the periods mentioned. Bandmasters would do well to remember this when a likely youngster reaches the magic age which opens the door to the wonders of the Senior Band. If the Divisional Commander decides that the transfer of a boy would prevent the Band from playing in public, he has the power to prevent the transfer from taking place.

The Smaller—The Bigger

There is small credit in conducting a Band of half-grown youths under the name of a Young People's Band. The smaller the boys the bigger the crowd, is an old Young People's Band maxim, and in order to prevent the crippling effect of transfer the progressive Leader gives constant attention to the younger end of his Combination. As soon as a boy reaches his fifteenth year he should be supplemented on the same part by one at least a year or more younger than himself. By the time the older lad is sixteen the other is generally fit to become principal player.

In addition to providing against critical transfer periods, this custom develops self-reliance and allows of a more thorough training. The deputy soloists can master their music at greater leisure than if they were suddenly called upon to play solo parts in public, as occurs when no boys have been prepared for the positions vacated through transfers.

Try and weigh another fellow's troubles on your own scales, and you'll declare your own are under weight.

Our Occasional Talk

For Those Who Leave Early

I PUT this question to my fellow Officers. Have you never wished that you could arrive at some place whereby you might be sure that the entire congregation will stay until the end of the meeting, instead of going out just when you most want them to remain?

Here is a story that just fits the subject. It may be of interest to others besides Officers, and it may not be altogether without point to some of those offenders—if it but chance to read it.

It is said of the great American evangelist, Mr. Moody, that he was once traveling in the western part of Massachusetts, and called upon a minister on the Saturday, thinking to spend the Sunday with him, if that was agreeable.

The minister was delighted at the prospect, and said: "I should not only be glad for you to stay over the weekend, but to have you preach for me to-morrow as well, but I feel ashamed to ask you."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Mr. Moody.

"Well," replied the minister, "our people have got into such a bad habit of going out before the meeting is closed, and it seems to me an imposition on a stranger."

"If that is all, I must and will stop and preach for you," was Moody's reply.

When the hour of worship had arrived, and Mr. Moody had opened the service and named his text, he looked round on the assembly, and said: "My hearers, I am going to speak to two sorts of folks to-day—sinners and sinners! Sinners! I am going to give you your portion first, and would have you give good attention."

When he had preached to them as long as he thought proper, he paused, and said: "There, sinners, I have done with you now; you may take your hats and go out of the meeting-house as soon as you please."

Not a single person in the Church was bold enough to take up his hat and depart.

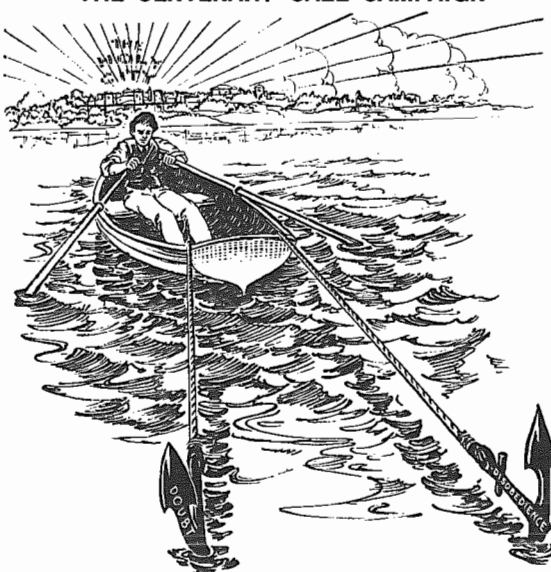
"I am an Earth-quaker"

The story is told of an ardent brother who wandered into a Quaker's Meeting, and was astonished and affronted at the silence. He whispered a query about it to a neighbour, and when he was answered by, "Hush! we're Quakers," responded by saying, "Then you want livening up a bit, and I'm the man to do it, for I'm an earthquaker." He thereupon proceeded to do his best to prove his boast by bearing his testimony in a very rousing manner.

Of course, there are comrades amongst us who can do this sort of thing "led of the Spirit"; and there are others who may do it because they think there is power in noise, and they wonder why the glory doesn't come as a result of their shouting.

It was Jeremiah who said—and he was a conquering saint—"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength"; only let those who shape their religious expressions by this text remember well the "confidence" part of it.

THE CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN



Launch out into the deep, Oh, let the shore lines go:
Launch out, launch out, into the ocean divine, Out where the full tides flow.



Father and Son Seek Salvation

Winnipeg Citadel (Adjutant and Mrs. Junker.) Happenings at the Winnipeg Citadel during recent weeks are but "as a cloud which appeareth on the horizon, the size of a man's hand, and without doubt we regard them as the omens of a great spiritual out-pouring which our faith assures us is soon to come.

On a recent Sunday we had a refreshing visit from Mrs. Envy Neill from Seattle, and her ringing Salvation testimony and strong appeal to the unsaved were good to hear. She, with us, rejoiced to see five seekers at the Mercy-Seat that night. One of these, a backslider, had hardly reached the Penitent-Form, when, from his seat at the back of the Hall, came his boy, also seeking to be restored. It was good to see father and son kneeling with the same objective.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Steele Farewell

We were chiefly favored people on Sunday, Oct. 14th, when we had a final visit from our farewelling Divisional Commander and Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele; during the afternoon and evening our pleasure was increased by having with us also Major Bigwood, the Field Secretary for Japan, and Mrs. Bigwood. The Major's pleasing manner, his melodious voice, and his searching question, "Shall I continue to sin?" around which his sermon was wrought, will not soon be forgotten. Hallelujah, there were five who boldly answered the question, "Shall I continue to sin?"—"God forbid," and were found where grace abounds—at the feet of Jesus, seeking His "pardoning favor."

We had rejoiced the previous Saturday evening to see three seekers in our Meeting, and one of these we were glad to note, fearlessly taking his place at the Sunday morning Open-Air stand.

The Citadel comrades will miss Staff-Captain and Mrs. Steele, but the memory of their labours will remain.

—J.R.W.

Blessings Flow in Coleman

Coleman (Captain Donnelly and Lieut. Meakin.) Last Sunday was a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing, when, among other happenings, our Harvest Festival Altar Service took place. Not only were we thankful that God had helped us in smashing our Target, but at the close of the Meeting our hearts rejoiced as one Christ, but other and even greater news follows this.

Sunday, Sept. 30th, will scarcely be forgotten in a hurry among us. During the singing of the refrain of the closing song on Sunday night one sister led the way to the Mercy-Seat, followed, praise God, by four others! How glad we were to see two sisters kneeling together, seeking pardon for past transgressions.

A scene just as wonderful was seen a few feet away, when a mother pointed her young boy to Jesus. With tears streaming down his cheeks he earnestly repeated the Lord's prayer, asking that God would give him Salvation. In another place was a sister who had been a long time seeking Christ, but after a struggle she found Him. At the close we sang feelingly indeed, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."—O.W.J.

Welcomes and Farewells, and Drunks Captured

Regina Citadel (Adjutant Reader and Captain McDowell.) Last Friday we held a great welcome Meeting for our new Officers, when there was a splendid turn-out. Home League Secretary Mrs. Parker, Envoy Gascoigne, C.S.-M. Fulton and Lieutenant Dale all spoke, after which we heard from our new Officers. At the close of the gathering one backslider surrendered.

After a great Open-Air Meeting on Saturday night we marched to the Hall, where there was another good crowd, including a number of men under the influence of the gathering, right from the start, that the address was dispensed with altogether and a Prayer-Meeting was soon in full swing, and four of the men were kneeling at the Penitent-Form, one of whom was a backslider. He was the means of pointing one of his friends to the Saviour afterwards. All these men testified that they had been saved from their sins.

The news of the death of Lt.-Colonel Taylor came as a great shock to the Soldiers, by whom he was greatly beloved, and as a token of respect the whole congregation stood to their feet while Commandant Beattie prayed God's blessing on behalf of the bereaved ones.

In the Holiness Meeting, led by our new Officers, a number of Soldiers took opportunity of proclaiming the goodness of God to them. Captain McDowell delivered a soul-searching address, and before the close of the Meeting we rejoiced to see four more seekers at the Mercy-Seat, two for consecration, and two for restoration.

In the interval between the Holiness and Free-and-Easy Meetings the Band visited the hospital and rendered suitable words. One of the inmates of the Institution requested that the Band should play, "Abide with me," which, of course, was done.

At night the Citadel was crowded, and a red-hot Salvation Meeting was led by the Officers. Envoy Smith said a few words on behalf of Adjutant and Mrs. Cooper who are farewelling from Regina. Mrs. Cooper spoke, and the Adjutant delivered a stirring address. After a great battle of prayer our joy was complete when four more seekers cried for pardon,

three of them being backsliders. This has certainly been a wonderful weekend. Many of the seekers have laid tobacco and cigarettes on the Penitent-Form, in order to get a full victory. We are praying for a continuation of this Revival spirit.

The recent weekend Meetings were in charge of our three Envoys, Envoy Gascoigne in the morning, Envoy Smith leading the Free-and-Easy, and Envoy Peacock piloting proceedings at night. At night, after a soul-stirring address, directly the invitation was given, three souls volunteered to the Mercy-Seat, followed later by six other seekers. In addition a number of comrades re-consecrated themselves to the Master's service. We finished with a real Hallelujah wind-up before going home.

—W.G.W.

On Tuesday, September 25, a gathering of an unusual nature, arranged by Adjutant Haynes, took place in the Junior Hall, when all the Bandsmen and ex-Bandsmen had been invited to a supper prepared by three young sister-comrades. After supper the Divisional Commander took charge of the proceedings and we had some heart-to-heart talks; and we sang, and had a glorious evening.

Bandmaster Henderson was there. He has been very sick, and now he finds it necessary to retire from the position he has held for thirty-six years in Kilmarnock and Regina. There were tears in many eyes as his last official words were spoken. We love him, and well we understand his heart. Adjutant Haynes read a letter, expressing, in a small way, the feelings of his pupils, past and present, and signed by all present. Staff-Captain Tuttle handed the Bandmaster an Honorary Commission. We parted feeling much good will come out of this reunion.

Bandmaster Henderson is a 100% Salvationist. He has left only three Prayer-Meetings before their conclusion in all his forty-three years of service. We hope to enjoy his presence and comradeship for a long time to come.—Envoy Gascoigne.

Friendly Dukhobors

Kamsack (Captain Anderson and Lieutenant Parr.) We have enjoyed some good, and well-attended, Meetings lately. On Sunday last we rejoiced over one soul at the Penitent-Form.

Our Harvest Festival Effort has been successful, many of the vegetables for the display being contributed by friendly Dukhobors, who gave liberally of "Saboula," "Katonski," and "Kapousta," in other words, onions, potatoes and cabbages. These three words constituted the collector's vocabulary in that language.

—Phoenix.

Cranbrook

Cranbrook (Captain Danchuck and Lieut. May.) We are still fighting for God and souls here, and our efforts are being blessed. Our Harvest Festival Effort was a great success, and the Target smashed, which is quite an achievement. The Sale was especially encouraging, bringing in the sum of \$71.40. The Soldiers worked hard, and to their efforts we ascribe the victory. Praise God! We miss three of our comrades who are away harvesting and pray that God will keep them, making them a blessing.—S.W.

More Farewells

Drumheller (Ensign and Mrs. Rea.) Numerous farewells have been the order of the day in Drumheller recently, first among them being that of Candidate Hannah Ellsworth, who as a Soldier and Sunbeam-Leader has won our hearts by her helpful ways. She gave a stirring address on her farewell Sunday.

Next in order came the farewell of Staff-Captain Merritt, whom we have learned to love and respect during his command of the Division. He conducted a series of weekend Meetings, and much blessing resulted.

Then came the farewell of our Officers, Adjutant Reader and Captain McDowell, and also that of Candidate Zoutendyk. The Candidate's musical ability and cheery ways have proved a blessing to us again and again.

The farewell of our Officers came as a surprise, but we wish them God's blessing. In the Holiness Meeting the Candidate soloed, and much blessing came from the Captain's address. The Hall was packed for the Salvation Meeting, when the Adjutant dedicated the two children of Brother and Sister Lowe, and enrolled a young woman as a Soldier. Candidate Zoutendyk gave an interesting message, Captain McDowell spoke very touchingly, and the Adjutant gave the final address. One soul volunteered to the Mercy-Seat. We pray God's blessing upon our Cadet-comrades, and also on our hard working Officers. A warm welcome has been given to Ensign and Mrs. Rea.—G.F.T.

Moved to Tears

Melfort (Adjutant and Mrs. Johnstone, and Lieutenant Love.) Very near indeed did we feel the Spirit of God on a recent Saturday night as we mustered for our Open-Air Meeting. Many of the large sidewalk crowd were moved to tears as the stirring testimonies were given, and our joy was full when, at the invitation, a young woman knelt at the drum-head and surrendered to God. Her earnestness was shown when, on standing to her feet, she faced the crowd, and witnessed to God's power to save.

We are glad to report that our Harvest Festival Target has been smashed.—L. Joyce.

The Right Touch

The Pas (Captain Johnson and Lieut. Loewen.) We are glad to report that our Harvest Festival Target smashed to bits with a twenty per cent increase over last year. The Thanksgiving Services were particularly bright and inspiring. At night the Captain's address, and various vocal items brought just the right touch into the Meeting. The sale of succocks on Monday night was a great success, \$120 being the result, the largest amount on record for such a sale here.

There have been two seekers since our last report. Hallelujah!—E.F.J.

Prince Albert (Captain and Mrs. Edwards.) The farewell of Candidate Bliss Murray last weekend was the occasion of much rejoicing, not only by the Soldiers of the Corps, but also on the part of his mother—Salvationist parents, who both took part in the Meeting. Their words were an expression of thanks to God because of the realization of the prayers and hopes of years. Candidate Murray gave the address.

Two converts of recent date—a mother and daughter—are doing well, rejoicing in the good way. Our Y.P. Work is progressing.—C.C.

In Harvesters' Regalia

Prince George (Captain McEachern and Lieutenant Munro.) It may be a while since Army activities in Prince George were reported, but nevertheless we are having victory, and doing our best. It is with a note of praise that we report our Target smashed.

Ensign Yarett of Glen Vowell was our "special" for the Harvest Festival weekend, when the crowds were good, and the presence of God very near. On Saturday night a number of Soldiers sallied forth in harvesters' regalia, and the crowd, sensing that something out of the ordinary was transpiring, quickly gathered round. Even after the novelty of the scene wore off there seemed to be a peculiar attraction that held the listeners, and we believe the Holy Spirit was speaking to many hearts.

Monday night marked the conclusion of the Harvest Services, when the goods collected were auctioned off by a local business man, who certainly did justice to the occasion.

However, the thing that pleased us most was the conversion of a young man in one of our recent Jail Services. His face is fairly beaming with Salvation joy. Praise God.—"Victor."

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

MANY things had happened in Sardis since Captain Alan Bristow and his wife had come to take charge of The Salvation Army Corps here. A girl named Helen Ormond had come to them in great trouble. They had taken her through her trouble, and when her father had turned her from her home they had taken her in till she was again reconciled with her father. Will Coulter, a drunkard and backslider, had through their efforts been reclaimed. Officer O'Donnell, a big policeman, had come to them in trying to lock his son, Danny O'Donnell. He had been drawn in through the Meetings, had been converted, and became a soldier in the Corps.

There had been a long and bitter strike in Sardis that had taxed all the resources of Captain Bristow and his band of volunteers. Will Coulter, the street Mr. Murray, a very wealthy man, had come to the help of The Army. Thus the first year of their stay in Sardis had slipped away, and they were in the Winter of the second year. It drew near to Christmas time. Christmas Eve an attempt was made to steal one of The Army kettles. They had had an inkling of a warning that the attempt would be made, and Officer O'Donnell had been lingering near. When the man had grabbed the kettle and sprinted toward a moving automobile that was to kick him up, the policemen had leaped into the street and called upon him to halt. The running man disregarded the challenge, and the officer had drawn his pistol and fired at him. The man had pitched forward into the snowy street. The policeman ran to where he had fallen, and as he turned the man's face upward to the light he had staggered to his feet with a great and bitter cry. "Danny! O it's Danny! O it's God! He's killed Danny!" It was found that Danny was not killed, only wounded. He was taken to a hospital where the bullet was probed for and found. Afterward the doctor told Ensign Bristow and the father that everything would be all right, and they went home. Last week's chapter told how Will Coulter is picked up off the streets in a drunken condition and taken to a hospital. The Ensign and Will's brother visit the bedside when Bob Taylor greatly agitated comes in.

CHAPTER XX

A Conqueror Passes

FOUR pairs of eyes were focused inquiringly on the man who followed the supervisor of the hospital into the little waiting room. And the owners of at least three pairs of those eyes knew that this man had been the evil-genius of Will Coulter, and they knew well what he could have to say at this time when poor Will was in all likelihood fighting a losing battle with the last enemy in the valley that was heavy with shadows. The man was in a dreadful condition. His eyes were bleared and blood-shot. He was shaking as though with palsy, and so broken that he was a pitiable object. As his dull eyes caught sight of the four who were regarding him questioningly, he threw out his hands in an appealing gesture, and cried brokenly, "I never meant to kill him! Before God, I never meant to do him any harm!"

Since none of them understood what he meant, they all gazed at him with his broken words. He stood regarding them, his bleared eyes wide and unblinking. Perhaps he read the lack of understanding written on each face, for he went on, "Honestly, I never meant any harm toward him I never meant to hurt him!"

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked Ensign Bristow. "What do you mean? We don't know what you are talking about."

"I mean Will Coulter," returned Bob Taylor, his haggard face twitching nervously. "I never meant to hurt him, much less to kill him! Tell me it isn't true, what they say! I didn't mean to do him any injury at all!"

"Perhaps if you were to tell us just what you did do we might better understand what you are trying to tell us," said the Ensign, speaking for them all.

"Why, I mean what happened the night that Will would not drink with me."

"What night was that?"

"Last Monday night, the night before they found him."

The man now had the undivided attention of all of them. What did he mean by saying that Will had refused to drink with him, when afterwards he had been found in the terrible condition in which he had been brought to the hospital?

A Sad Confession

"I met Will that night. I guess he was on his way home from The Army. I had a pint of whisky in my pocket. I had been drinking whisky and was not very drunk yet. I wanted Will to have a drink with me. He would not. I kept urging him to drink, holding the bottle so he could smell it and doing everything to make him drink, but he would not. I knew he wanted it, for he was trembling, so I pressed him even harder to drink with me. But he would not touch it. He told me that the last time he had been drunk he had drunk her tears"—here he gestured toward Mrs. Bristow—"and

A FEW THAT ARE WORTHY

By ENVOY C. W. WAGGONER

that he would die before he would ever drink again."

Mrs. Bristow looked bewildered. "Drank my tears?" she gasped. "What could he have meant by that?"

At her query Frank Coulter flushed and looked embarrassed. "Will told me

would have died. The soul is of vastly more worth than the body, the body lives for a short time only, but the soul that sinneth dies for ever!"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said the man doggedly. "But I'm sure I never intended to hurt him."



A rapid look stole over his face as he half rose from the pillows and spoke one more word, "Jesus!"

about it," he said reluctantly. "That night the Ensign and Sergeant-Major found him and brought him to the quarters. You had some hot, black coffee ready for him. You were crying and when you passed the cup of coffee to him, unknown to you some of your tears fell into the cup. Will did not want to hurt you by refusing to drink the coffee, so he downed it all, your tears with the coffee. He told me that it had sobered him almost instantly, and that he could never go back to drinking again while that memory lived with him."

A Strange New Hope

At his words Mrs. Bristow's face colored vividly, and a misty light shone in her eyes. She was deeply affected. But now that this had been explained, they turned once more to Bob Taylor, for his tale had kindled a strange new hope in each of their hearts, and they were eager to hear the end of his story.

"And what happened then?" asked Frank grimly.

"Honestly, I never meant to do him any harm," said the man huskily. "But when I saw he was not going to drink with me I flew into a rage, and cried, 'Very well, if you won't take it inside you, have it outside!' And I struck him over the head with the bottle of whisky. I must have hit harder than I intended, for the bottle broke, and the whisky went all over him. He fell backward and struck his head on a stone. He did not move, and when I saw what I had done I was frightened. I ran away from the place as fast as I could. But I never meant to kill him! Before God, I didn't!"

"Perhaps you did not mean to kill his body," said the Ensign sternly, "but you tried to do worse, you tried to murder his soul!"

The man looked at him utterly bewildered. "Tried to murder his soul!" he faltered. "I don't know what you mean!"

"Because he resisted your devilish temptation you struck him over the head, and he is probably going to die from the effects of the exposure. But had he not resisted your temptation his body might have been all right today, but his soul

The Ensign saw that the man spoke the truth. In his utter darkness he could not grasp spiritual truths. And though he as well as the rest of them had been deeply shocked at the depravity revealed by the man's tale, yet it had brought to them such a flood of relief and gladness to their hearts to know that they had been terribly mistaken in Will. He had not fallen again. To the contrary he had resisted the temptation, sealing his integrity with his life itself. Seeing the broken condition of Taylor, and knowing he could never really understand his viewpoint, and in his great relief through finding out Will's faithfulness, the Ensign spoke to the man kindly.

"Will is very sick indeed, in fact there is not much hope for his recovery, but it was not the blow you struck him that is killing him, it is double pneumonia."

A glad light filled Taylor's face at these words. "Then I didn't kill him after all!" he gasped brokenly.

Their hearts were heavy with forebodings and sorrow, but for all that they were very glad to know that their fears on Will's behalf had been without foundation. A feeling of dread gripped their hearts as they stood for a moment outside the closed door of his room.

Fighting for Every Breath

Quietly they filed into the room. The man who lay in the shadows was fighting for every breath. In the dimness it was some little time before they realized that his eyes were open and regarding them wonderingly. It was even as the doctor had hoped. Will had regained consciousness, but as their eyes became accustomed to the half-light and saw his face, they had but little hope for his recovery. He knew them and spoke, but his voice was very weak, and came with great difficulty.

"Hello, Jim!" he said, greeting the brother he had not seen for a long time. Then as his eyes traveled from face to face he spoke to each of them in turn, his words sometimes widely separated and coming but faintly to their ears. Mrs. Bristow came last, and after he had greeted her he added, "I didn't—yield!" "We know you didn't!" she replied,

reaching down and patting the hand that lay outside the coverings, a quick rush of tears washing out the sting that was in her eyes.

"Bob—never meant—to—hurt me!" "Yes, we believe that too. He is very much broken up over it."

"Tell him not to worry—about—it."

"All right, we will tell him you said so. He will be glad to know that you do not hold against him what he has done."

"How are you, Will?" asked Frank tenderly, as he bent over the brother who had grown so dear to him during these past months.

A warm light seemed to radiate from Will's face, and his eyes brightened with a smile as he said, "S all right—Frank—old chap—S all right. Don't worry—about—me. I'm going Home!"

He closed his eyes as though he were very tired. He lay thus for a time, with closed eyes and very still, but after a while he opened his eyes again, and added, "Where all is peaceful—bright—and fair."

Once more his voice trailed off into silence, but he spoke again as though voicing some deep inward thought. "No—temptation—there!"

These words put a stricture in each of their throats. They realized well the depths of feeling back of those words. He had been so tried and tossed on the billows of temptation. His frail bark had been all but wrecked, the sails were torn, the cordage gone, but soon now he would be swinging at quiet anchor in a peaceful harbor.

After this Will closed his eyes and seemed to lapse once more into unconsciousness. He muttered occasionally, but only in broken and disconnected words that carried little or no meaning to the listeners. Silently, but surely, his soul was slipping all moorings that held him to time, to embark on the dim uncharted sea of eternity. A considerable time elapsed without anyone speaking.

But Will once more drifted back to consciousness. Slowly his eyes opened and moved about the room searching till they found the dear faces clustered about him. When he saw them he seemed to relax and lay back as though well content, a quiet smile hovering about his eyes. He did not try to speak to them, nor they to him. Controlling their own feelings, they smiled back at him reassuringly.

One More Word, "Jesus"

Presently Will's eyes moved from the faces he had been watching as though he caught the light of them, and he seemed to be taken with something beyond the room. His eyes grew wider and filled with a growing wonder. For a moment or two he seemed too dazed to speak, then with his eyes fixed straight above him he gasped, "Dad—Ma—Lily!" "Yes, Will," who knew him best, and had a rapid look stole over his face as he half rose from his pillows and spoke one more word, "Jesus!" He remained tensed for a moment, then fell back among the pillows and his eyes closed again. Had he really seen dear ones from the other side? Who knew? Who knows but that as he drifted away from the loved ones this side of the River he saw the waiting dear ones on the other shore? These were going just as fast as they could with him into the chilling tide of the silent River; perhaps as their hands reluctantly loosened they his own, and their other hands from that other land were stretched out to grasp his released hands.

All at once they were conscious of a strangeness in the room. At first they could not place it. Then they knew that Will was no longer fighting for his breath. Their eyes turned from him to the doctor, who nodded his head as he said gently, "He has gone."

"A conqueror has passed!" said the Ensign softly, deeply moved. Mrs. Bristow was sobbing softly. Frank left his place and came to Jim, his face streaked with tears of which he was unashamed. Taking his brother's hands into his own, he said simply, "You did what we are all so proud to find the 'Black Sheep' is the first one to come Home!"

(Concluded next week)

Be always ahead of your work, then you will be comfortable. If you are behindhand you will be constantly whipped at the cart's tail of hurry.

WINNIPEG GRACE HOSPITAL

THE GRADUATION EXERCISES

of the 1928 Graduating Class at

YOUNG CHURCH.....FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26th at 8 p.m.

COMMISSIONER and MRS. RICH

will be present and

COLONEL MARY BOOTH

will speak



We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry". One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expense. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2240—William Scobie, Canadian, formerly of Ripley, Bruce Co., Ont., age 53, fair, medium height, sister Mrs. Abby anxiously enquire.

2238—Johannes Remahl, alias J. Johnson, born in Finland, 1896, fair hair, short, lost heard of in Alaska. Relatives seeking.

2232—Wm. Frederick Butcher, alias Wm. F. Palmer, age 37, fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, Native of London. Slight scar on forehead. Last heard of in Calgary. Mother anxious to locate.

2236—Hjalmar Johannes Blomgren, age 50, tall, dark hair, blue eyes, last heard of at Prince Albert, Sask. Non anxious to locate.

2237—Elsa Hildegund Forsman, age 32, average height, dark hair, blue eyes, last heard of in Vancouver. Relatives wish to find.

2238—Edward Lindroos, born in Finland, short, dark hair, broad shoulders, last heard of in Vancouver. Relatives seeking.

2239—Johan Mattsson Wargren, born in Finland, 1872, tall, fair, has one glass eye, last heard of in Alaska. Sister anxious to locate.

2229—Harder Johansen, age 30, average height, fair hair, blue eyes, last known address Alhambra, B.C. Parents anxiously enquire.

2214—George John Draker, 32 years of age, 5 ft. 5 ins., 150 lbs., medium build, ruddy complexion, clean shaven. Was member of 84th Machine Gun Battalion. Also had a tattoo mark on right arm. No family news.

2157—Mrs. Wilvert, married under the name of Mrs. Andrew Burgess in 1915. Friends anxious to locate.

1425—Nils Stenstholdt, Norwegian, age 48, medium height, blonde hair, blue eyes, last heard of at Edmonton. Brother anxious to find.

2218—Charles Frederick May, age 38, height 5 ft. 9 in., brown eyes, broad chest, dark hair, farmer. Last seen in Lumby, B.C. Mother anxiously enquire.

2139—Albert Imhof, born Sept. 12th, 1891, native of Switzerland. Mr. Imhof is a teacher. Last heard of at Estevan, Sask. Family longs for news.

2220—David and Harry Bailey, they were divers, natives of Scotland. Engaged in farming pursuits in B.C. If their descendants relatives in England are anxious to communicate.

2221—Ernest Ernie, farmer, native of Birmingham, England. Last heard of 1909 when his address was Claydale Farm, Sask. Relative anxious to locate.

2222—Bertram Elmer Bowler, age 27, height 5 ft. 5 in., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, born in Belleville, Ont., laborer by occupation. Mother anxiously enquire.

2188—John Lee, age 51, height 5 ft. 1 in., 120 lbs., experienced farmer, dark hair, hazel eyes. Wife anxious to find.

2223—John Victor Haglund, Swedish, age 53, blue eyes, painter, last heard of at Regina. Sister wants to locate.

2225—George Norman Hunt, last heard of in Calgary, 1926. Mother and brother at Decker Lake, B.C., anxious for news.

2226—Mary Jane McGee, born in Gleskeragh, Pettigo, Co. Donegal, Ireland. Later went to Scotland, and from there to Toronto and Winnipeg. Followed domestic service in Canada. Daughter, Agnes, very anxious to locate.

2181—Walter Hardy, age 46, for many years lived in Vancouver, was a R.C.M.P. lived in Calgary 9 years ago. Thought to be a farmer. Father, age 95, wishes to know his whereabouts.

2230—Maxwell Horton Hark, age about 24, fair complexion, small build, macrael. Last heard of about 7 years ago when he was working and teaching a restaurant in Winnipeg. Supposed now to be in the insurance business. Aunt in Midland, Ont., anxious for news of him, which will be to his advantage.

2242—James E. Bassett, age 31, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair and eyes, slender build, unmarried. Drove a new Chrysler automobile, sportster, bearing Maryland license No. 130212. Disappeared from Seattle, Washington, and thought to have come to Canada. Father extremely anxious to locate.

2209—William Edward Paine, age 55, last known address Aberdeen, Sask. Was railroad worker. Mother very anxious.

2205—Ralph Leggett, age 28, height 6 ft. 1 in., very glasses, last heard of at Six Mile Creek. Missing five years. Grandmother anxiously enquire.

2072—Albert Victor Hunkonson, age 51, average height, brown hair, blue eyes, last heard from at Edmonton, Alta. Wife and child very anxious to hear from him.

1924—Henry Greer, British Canadian, age 39, medium height, slight build, dark hair, dark eyes, dark complexion, station Engineer or carpenter, last heard from at Port Arthur, Ont. Decided limp on right side.

—46th Annual— Territorial Congress



LT.-COMMISSIONER & MRS. RICH

— TOGETHER WITH —

COLONEL MARY BOOTH, C.B.E.

(Territorial Commander for Germany)

Assisted by Officers of the Territorial and Divisional Headquarters will conduct

THE VANCOUVER CONGRESS

From OCTOBER 19th to 22nd

Friday, October 19th
Avenue Theatre
8.0 p.m.

Reception of Delegates
and a
"Pageant of Welcome"

Saturday, Oct. 20th
First United Church
8.0 p.m.

United Salvationists
Rally

Sunday, October 21st—Empress Theatre
10.45 a.m. United Holiness Gathering

Colonel Mary Booth will lecture:
Subject: "The Salvation Army in all Lands"
Chair to be taken by
Hon. S. F. Tolmie, Premier of British Columbia
A Salvation Mass Meeting in
which Colonel Mary Booth
will take part

Monday, Oct. 22nd
Avenue Theatre
8.0 p.m. The Congress Festival
and Life-Saving Review

BRIGADIER EVA SMITH, OF GERMANY, WILL ALSO BE PRESENT

THE EDMONTON CONGRESS

LT.-COMMISSIONER & MRS. RICH in Command
NOVEMBER 16th to 19th

Salvation Songs

Tune: "I'll follow Thee of life the Giver."

Is there a stream, a cleansing Fountain,
Whose waves can wash all guilt away?
May one whose sins rise as a mountain,
Find cleansing there? Oh, tell me, pray!
In vain I've wept, resolved, and struggled,
Yet deeper still I sink each day.

Chorus:

Oh, yes, there is a Cleansing River,
From every stain it can deliver.
Still on it rolls, as fresh as ever,
Plunge in and wash thy sins away.

The wounds of Christ for thee were opened:
While hanging on the cruel tree;
Thy every sin may now be cancelled,
Attonement there was made for thee.
Delay not then another moment,
But trust Thy Lord and be made free.

To Calvary's Stream by faith I'm coming:
Its crimson flow shall o'er me roll;
My faults and failures I am bringing,
Now purify, dear Lord, my soul!
No gift I bring, no merit pleading,
But trust Thy Blood to make me whole!

—Brigadier Drabble

Tune: "Come along to Beulah."

I've a Friend so true and precious,
He is very dear to me;
His love so kind and tender,
His love so full and free,
And I could not live without Him,
For I love to feel Him nigh—
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

Chorus:
And his, on walking on together
In communion sweet,
And His loving talk with me
Makes the moments quickly flee,
And my joy complete,
Walking on, walking on together
As the days go by,
And there's naught can sever,
We are friends for ever—
My Lord and I.

I am sometimes faint and weary—
Well I know that I am weak;
And He bids me lean upon Him,
So His help I gladly seek.
In the paths of light He leads me
"Neath a cloudless, sunny sky—
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

And he knows how I am longing
Weary souls from sin to win,
And He bids me go and say it—
That inviting word for Him.
Yes, He bids me tell the story
How He came for us to die,
And so we work together,
My Lord and I.

Tune: "Come for the feast is spread"
or "Robin Adair"

Lord, I my burdens bring,
Bear them for me;
Spirit of Love descend,
Bid shadows flee;
If sorrow brings its tears,
And time, its gulf of years,
Shine thro' the mist of fears,
Draw me to Thee.

Sweep o'er my soul each day,
Fill me afresh,
To live, to toil, to wait
In service true;
Cleanse, purge and purify,
Quicken and fortify,
Come in and sanctify,
Thy will to do.

My soul cries out to be
Low at Thy feet;
Draw me until I know
Communion sweet;
Here, Lord, I yield to Thee,
Possess that all may see
Thee, only Thee in me,
In me complete.

—B. Whittingham